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PHILIP SNOWDEN'S BUDGET was a surprise. Facing a prospective deficit of $187,000,000, the Chancellor trusts largely to economy and improving trade, and proposes no added taxes for the next year except a four-cent increase on gasoline. But he recalls the glorious Lloyd George days of 1909 by renewing the revolutionary proposal for a land valuation and a tax on land values—the centrally important feature of this budget, and the one that will be hardest fought. As an emergency measure for the coming year he proposes to meet his deficit by raiding to the extent of $100,000,000 the dollar-buying fund that Great Britain maintains in New York, and by pushing forward income-tax payments. With income taxes (at the standard rate of 22½ per cent) yielding nearly $1,250,000,000, surtaxes an added $330,000,000, and death duties (running up to more than 50 per cent on the largest estates) nearly $400,000,000, it is not strange that Mr. Snowden has tried at all costs to avoid raising these rates this year. Sturdy free trader that he is, the Chancellor bravely denounces the very idea of protection, even in the bewitching guise of a revenue tariff. Great Britain actually collects nearly $500,000,000 in customs duties, however, on a handful of widely consumed articles, and a somewhat greater amount in excise taxes. Despite its temporary expedients, Mr. Snowden's budget, worked out under the greatest difficulties, is a piece of honest and uncompromising labor finance, economically sound and intelligently progressive. It will distinctly strengthen the position of the MacDonald Government against possible attacks from its political opponents.

MAYOR WALKER must surely have enormously increased the number of his critics by his ill-advised and intemperate remarks before the New York Fire Department Holy Name Society on April 26. There must already have been plenty of persons to see that he would not make satisfactory answer to the attacks on himself and his administration by calling his critics names. When he indulges in a performance that consists of waving his arms and shouting "Communist," "parlor reds," and "reckless charges . . . actuated by prejudice and bigotry," he displays prejudice, bigotry, and recklessness of the worst sort. Nor will he help his case, one suspects, either with Governor Roosevelt or Commissioner Seabury—before whom it will probably come eventually—by referring to "the glittering charges [against himself] I read hastily just once, and that was enough." It is possible that among the thousands of New Yorkers who voted for Jimmy Walker and would vote for him again there are many who, either for religious or other reasons, would be moved by such a defense as this, superficial, injudicious, and meaningless as it is. But there must be other thousands, and those among the most impartial minds in the city, who will, whatever their opinion of Tammany Hall or even of the Mayor, realize that to answer charges of the gravest nature, made by responsible and sincere citizens, with choleric mouthings is less than might have been expected of the usually astute Mr. Walker. It is not only bad taste but bad tactics.

ARE THE REPUBLICANS about to abandon their unbending support of a high protective tariff? Are they preparing to adopt a more intelligent attitude toward this uneconomical but long-cherished government policy? It is almost unbelievable, yet there are definite indications that some of them are beginning to see the light. First came Representative Snell of New York, member of the Republican triumvirate that for years ruled the lower house, and himself an outspoken proponent of tariff-grabbing. Mr. Snell has now decided that we have gone high enough in our tariff rates. Next came William Wallace Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, high in the councils of the Republican Party, and citizen of a State that has been loudest in its demands for ever-higher rates. Mr. Atterbury has concluded that among the factors "which must be corrected" before the world depression can be overcome are "the tariff walls which nearly all nations are building against one another, tending to separate the different countries into hermetically sealed compartments so far as commerce is concerned." Who will be next? The press has recently presented evidence that a movement to lower the tariff is afoot, particularly among the automobile-makers, railroad officials, public-utility magnates, and bankers. If the tariff ever is reduced, it will probably be in response to pressure from our export manufacturers. When Congress is convinced that public opinion is opposed to extortionate tariff rates, the

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rates will come down; but in the opinion of Mark Sullivan Congress next December will be faced with a demand for a prohibitive tariff on crude oil instead of lower rates.

IN ADDITION TO OUR TARIFF, official American policy on war debts and the sharp reduction in the amount of American lending abroad are expected to come in for heavy criticism at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce opening in Washington on May 4. This business men's organization is given to plain speaking on questions affecting world trade, and it is to be hoped that the Washington meeting may be no exception. With the piling up of gold in France and the United States and the obstruction of imports by our tariff, foreign loans by American bankers and investors have become more rather than less important as a means of keeping international trade going, and we are now getting an impressive lesson in the impossibility of continuous prosperity for the United States in isolation from the rest of the world. The recent visit of Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, gave rise to wide discussion of the possibility of a great international institution to finance long-term loans in countries where they are especially needed, such as the Eastern European states or the producers of raw materials like South America. Dr. Herbert Feis, however, suggestively points out that if the individuals and concerns seeking such loans were in fact good credit risks, they could get loans from private banks. In reality, he suggests, they are too often bad risks because of the international economic and political situation, and it simply makes a bad situation worse to loan money to bad risks, as, for example, to Danubian farmers hampered by high tariffs and increasing competition. The right international allocation of credit becomes more and more important, but the power that would reside in an international institution actually exercising such control is so vast that it could not be left wholly in private hands.

AN END OF NAVAL PARITY and of all the other devices, adjustments, compromises, and arrangements by which the five great naval Powers have been professing to seek the abolition of competitive naval building is forecast in the rejection by Great Britain and Italy of the naval demands of France. Technically the impasse has been reached over the insistence of France upon building, between now and 1936, some 66,000 tons to replace vessels that will become obsolete during that period. Back of the dispute as to whether Great Britain and Italy did not know from the first precisely what France expected, and by what diplomatic hocus-pocus or ministerial forgetfulness the matter was overlooked, lies the intolerably plain fact that France has never intended to accept the Italian demand for parity, and is quite ready to wreck the whole cause of armament reduction and limitation rather than yield. The negotiations which began with professions of Anglo-American agreement at Rapidan that shortly turned out to be over-optimistic, continued with crises and fainting spells through the dreary sessions of the London conference, dragged on month after month in fruitless conversations between Italy and France, and took on for the moment a hopeful air when Arthur Henderson tried his hand at patching things up, have now, apparently, gone on the rocks. The wreck will be bad enough for Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, both of whom desperately need diplomatic successes to offset political and economic troubles at home, but vastly worse for the world which must see naval competition revived because France knows no word for peace except force.

RAILROAD STATISTICS for 1930, just made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission, deserve careful attention. Operating revenues on the 242,169 miles of road operated declined from the prosperous year 1929 by the staggering amount of a round billion dollars to $5,281,196,875. Operating expenses were cut by no less than $576,327,942 to a total of $3,930,940,465, three-fifths of the reduction being in maintenance expenditures. After meeting taxes of $348,584,573 and other expenses, the roads had left net operating income of $868,907,367 and other income of $348,986,595. They paid out $502,673,366 in interest, at the rate of a little more than 4½ per cent on their funded and other debt, and $505,446,351 ($19,145,404 more than in 1929), partly drawn from surplus, at the rate of 5 per cent on the outstanding preferred and 6.6 per cent on common stock, and they transferred $335,633,469 to profit-and-loss account. The income and operating figures in practically all cases show steep declines from 1929; the results, contrary to much current discussion, are impressive evidence of the solidity of the present structure of railroad finance on the whole, to which solidity, we venture to believe, forty years of public regulation have contributed.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, after rather prolonged study of the problem, has adopted final requirements for the listing of securities of investment trusts. What is significant is the remarkable scope and detail of these requirements as well as the "recommendations" accompanying them. Adoption of the latter is not compulsory, but will "weigh with" the listing committee in considering applications. The Exchange expresses its disapproval of the payment of incompletely earned dividends; frowns upon the acquisition by one trust of the common stock of another; lays down precise and detailed rules for uniform accounting practice; and suggests that trust directorates contain "qualified persons not directly affiliated either with the management of the trust itself or with its banking sponsors." These requirements are broader in scope than any previously issued by the Exchange regarding any one class of securities. They are thoroughly justified, however; for the investment trust exists ostensibly as a refuge for the small and perplexed investor, and as such it has been shockingly abused. The Exchange's new requirements cannot fail to have some indirect influence for the better even on trusts that do not apply for listing, but such indirect influence is not enough. State regulation of investment trusts remains as urgent as ever.

NO QUESTION as to what Dantes Bellegarde, Haitian Minister to the United States, did or did not say about the capture of Fort Rivière, or as to General Butler's use of the wicked word "hell" over the Philadelphia Elks' radio in describing that exploit, ought to delay the rapid carrying out of the recommendation of the Forbes commission for Haitianization of the public services of Haiti and withdrawal of the occupation. The Haitian Minister, who speaks English imperfectly, was apparently a victim of misunderstand-

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ing. Certain facts about Fort Rivière are too well known. On November 18, 1915, Admiral Caperton reported to the Navy Department: "Fort Rivière captured by forces under Major Butler. All avenues of escape had been previously closed so that none escaped. Fifty-one were killed. . . . No casualties our forces." Such "warfare" looks too much like something called by an uglier name, despite General Butler's medal of honor, and Americans must remember that this action constituted but one incident in the record of General Butler and the marines in Haiti. Small wonder, in view of such memories, that the Haitians long for the ending of the occupation. It is now more than a year since the Forbes commission finished its work, and the Haitians are reported as becoming impatient because Haitianization of the services is not getting forward. We hope that the Administration, in pursuance of its more liberal Caribbean policy, will not fail to give evidence of good faith by proceeding with all speed in the essential task of getting out of Haiti.

THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC appears to be making progress, although faced with difficulties which even the most colorless newspaper dispatches do not conceal. It is gratifying to observe that there is to be, for the present at least, no attempt to avenge the wrongs or weaknesses of the monarchy by putting on trial all of the monarchist leaders who can be apprehended and that plans for parliamentary elections in June are going forward. The suspension of the foreign-loan contract made just before King Alfonso withdrew seems also to have been accomplished without ill-feeling. The enthusiastic reception which Señor Zamora, Provisional President, received on his recent visit to Barcelona did not, however, hide the fact that the demand of Catalonia for something closely akin to independence is still very much alive, and that the formation of a federal republic with a really effective measure of central authority will prove a hard and delicate task. The course of the diplomatic representatives of the new regime, also, will be a matter of concern even though diplomatic recognition of the new state has been promptly accorded. Professor Salvador de Madariaga, who has been named as ambassador to this country, has been exceptionally acid in his published comments upon the United States, its people, and its foreign policy, and has arraigned American abstention from the League of Nations as the greatest present obstacle to internationalism and world peace. A former League official as a diplomat at Washington will make a situation worth watching.

DECLARING FLATLY that the payment of physicians on the present basis of private practice cannot go on much longer, and expressing strongly his disbelief in any system of state medicine for this country, Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public-health administration at Columbia University, urges the organization of communities into voluntary associations providing medical service for members. The present cost of medical care, Dr. Emerson maintains, is due not to excessive payments to physicians, but to excessive demands by patients in hospitals and drug-stores (a statement that will certainly not be accepted without question) and to their failure to organize their medical expenditures. He believes that an adequate service could be organized at a cost of from ten to fifty dollars a year per individual, and that 20,000 persons constitute the smallest unit to which a complete service could be rendered at such prices. Irrespective of the sharp differences of opinion over the possibility of satisfactory government medical service, and despite the social conservatism of the physicians themselves, the opinion is rapidly gaining ground that the social organization of medicine in some form is becoming absolutely necessary if the ordinary family is to get adequate care without bankruptcy.

A FEW WEEKS AGO the Federal Council of Churches, in approving birth control through its Committee on Marriage and the Home, recognized "the necessity for some form of effective control of the size of the family and spacing of children." Now comes the unanimous approval of birth control because of economic and other considerations by the Special Commission on Marriage, Divorce, and Remarriage of the Presbyterian church. The report of the commission also makes some interesting recommendations concerning the education of young people with regard to sex and marriage in their physical as well as spiritual aspects. Church opinion, like all respectable and institutionalized opinion, is slow to change. For that reason it tends to be the brake rather than the leader of thought, sometimes with extremely harmful results. In the matter of birth control, for instance, it is largely the influence of the church which has prevented the spread of birth control among the very poor who need it most. On the other hand, once the church admits the necessity and desirability of controlling the size of families, the spread of knowledge on the subject will be immeasurably accelerated among those who most need it. Both pronouncements recorded here represent an attempt to narrow the discrepancy between church dogma and the exigencies of modern life, and they are as welcome as they are long overdue.

IT IS A PLEASURE to record that the suit for plagiarism brought by Miss Georges Lewys in United States District Court against Eugene O'Neill in the sum of $2,000,000 has been won by the defendant, with costs of $17,500 assessed against the plaintiff. Judge John M. Woolsey, in an admirable decision that should be a rebuke to any reckless charge of plagiarism in the future, took occasion to compliment the case for the defense, "in pleasing contrast with the plaintiff's case," and especially the testimony by George Jean Nathan, "whom I found . . . the most acute and competent of witnesses and I accept his evidence in toto." Miss Lewys could not, again in Judge Woolsey's words, "claim a copyright on words in the dictionary, or on usual English idioms, or on ideas." And her attempt to do so, in the form of this suit, resulted in a large monetary loss to herself which, for the sake of the defendants, it is to be hoped she can pay. It is a pity that the suit also resulted in a loss of time, thought, and energy by the defendants, the witnesses, and the defending counsel. But as a consequence, an interesting proposal has been made by a group whose spokesmen are Channing Pollock and Harry Weinberger, attorney for Mr. O'Neill. The plan is to introduce a bill in Congress providing that when a suit is brought for plagiarism, the judge, after considering the two works, may require from the plaintiff a surety bond to cover the costs, unless he considers that there is a prima facie case. Fewer irresponsible suits would probably be brought if this were done.

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The Church Pacifist

OUT of 19,372 Protestant clergymen replying to a questionnaire sent out by the *World Tomorrow*, no fewer than 12,076, or 62 per cent, believe that the churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war; while 10,427, or 54 per cent, are personally prepared to state that it is their present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as armed combatants. These are surprising figures. Eighty per cent of the clergymen favor substantial reductions in armament even if the United States is obliged to take the initiative and make a proportionately greater reduction than other nations are yet willing to do, while 62 per cent believe that the policy of armed intervention in other lands by our government to protect the lives and property of American citizens should be abandoned and protective efforts confined to pacific means (critics of the Administration's present Nicaraguan policy please copy); only 43 per cent regard distinctions between "defensive" and "aggressive" war as sufficiently valid to justify their participation in a future war of "defense"; only 45 per cent could conscientiously serve as chaplains on active duty in war time; and only 13 per cent favor military training in schools and colleges, while 66 per cent favor immediate entry of the United States into the League of Nations.

The questionnaire, signed by ten prominent clergymen, was sent out to all the ministers of more than a dozen leading denominations, constituting 53,000 clergymen (including 3,000 theological students) out of the total of more than 100,000 in the United States. Unfortunately, because of limitations of time and expense, the inquiry was not extended to the Jews, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Southern Baptists, and Southern Methodists, so it is impossible to make comparisons among some of the largest and most important religious bodies in the country. It is probably true, as Kirby Page suggests, that the opponents of war replied in larger proportion than did the friends of the military system, and the published returns offer some confirmation of that idea. It is probably true also that the pulpit is more pacifistic than the pew, and certainly everyone is much more in favor of peace at a time like this than at a period when Mars has displaced other deities as the object of state worship. Nevertheless, we find it impressive that more than half of the clergymen replying, constituting a fifth of all the ministers canvassed and a tenth of the total number of clergymen in the country, have declared their purpose, for whatever their declaration may be worth, to take no part in any future war. The friends of peace without undue elation may well thank God and redouble their efforts.

An examination of the returns by denominations yields interesting results. Taking the most searching question, that on personal participation in any war, the denominations stand in the following order, beginning with the most pacifistic: Evangelical Synod, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed, Disciples, Unitarians and Universalists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, United Brethren, Episcopalians. On the other six test questions (omitting that on the League), the Evangelical church stands consistently in first, second, or third place, except on the question of unilateral disarmament, where it suddenly drops to ninth place. May German antecedents and sympathy with a disarmed Germany in an armed world be in any degree responsible? The Methodist Episcopal communion, whose great numbers give it large influence in the total returns, runs along pretty consistently in second, third, or fourth place, followed in order by the Reformed and Disciples churches. At the other extreme are the conservative Episcopalians, who stand consistently in tenth place on every one of the seven test questions, with the Presbyterians eighth or ninth on all of them; the United Brethren doing generally a little better; the Baptists standing seventh or worse on every question; and the Congregationalists sixth, but with a strange individualistic aberration to second place on the question of armament reduction; and the Unitarians and Universalists fifth. We do not undertake to explain these differences on religious grounds, but leave to the students of such questions the interesting correlation of these results with the economic and social status of the various religious bodies concerned. Broadly speaking, in the church as outside it, wealth, social position, and in some measure intellectual sophistication are accompanied by a favorable view of the war system.

We have left the League of Nations question for separate examination. One might guess, perhaps, that the more pacifistic the group, the more strongly it would favor the immediate entry of the United States into the League. The opposite comes nearer being true, though the returns are not conclusive. The Evangelical clergymen stand first in their opposition to entering the League, while the Episcopalians, at the foot of the list in all that makes for peace, are surpassed only by the Unitarians and Universalists in their eagerness to get into the world organization, and are followed by the Congregationalists. The Methodists, however, desert their pacifist colleagues on this question, standing next to the Congregationalists, with the Presbyterians in sixth place. Putting the thing in the light most favorable to the League, it appears doubtful whether the pacifists in the churches believe that American adhesion to the League would really make for peace.

It would be foolish to attach too great importance to the results of this questionnaire, or to undertake to draw from it too fine-spun conclusions. No one can tell today how far the present pacifists in the pulpit or out of it would stand the test of war; and no one knows how far a pacifist clergyman, even if he were willing to go to the last extreme at such a time, would be able to carry his congregation with him. The church historically has been closely tied up with the war system, and those bonds are not broken today, however many the individual clergymen in actual or threatened revolt. None the less, making all necessary allowances, we welcome this showing as an encouraging sign that there is at work within the churches a powerful leaven, and that those great organizations are not likely to be swung over without powerful protest to the support of our next military adventure. Let the watchmen on the towers of Zion, then, cry aloud and spare not.

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Midwest Discontent

OUT in the Middle West a member of *The Nation's* editorial staff, who has just returned from an extended trip through that region, found the voters filled with discontent. In their present mood they have had more than enough of President Hoover, and they display a striking eagerness for an opportunity to turn him out of office. Of course there is no telling what may happen between now and November, 1932, but if the election were to take place tomorrow it is a fair question whether the President would not lose three out of every four normally Republican States in the Middle West. The present revolt is directed against Mr. Hoover as the leader of his party, and the voters, in their present temper, would apparently be willing to accept almost anyone in his place. In the absence of unforeseeable developments, such a situation may give the Democratic nominee a chance to sweep the Middle West eighteen months hence, for of all the opposition groups the Democrats alone are actively seeking to benefit by the political unrest in that area.

In Wisconsin voters and political leaders alike declare that the Progressives, who are in a majority in that State, will support against Herbert Hoover any Democrat presently being discussed except Owen D. Young; and even Young, if he were nominated, it was said would have better than an even chance to win the State from President Hoover. Republican leaders in Illinois candidly admitted their belief that there was nothing the Republican Party could do either nationally or locally to win back enough lost ground to carry the State for Mr. Hoover next year. In Indiana a rapid growth in anti-Hoover sentiment was everywhere apparent. The Republican politicians, while admitting the State would go Democratic if an election were held within the next few months, expressed the hope that the party might get some sort of lucky break before the summer of 1932 so as to give Indiana to Mr. Hoover. The situation in Ohio was similar to that found in Illinois, while only in Michigan was there discernible any likelihood of a Hoover victory in 1932, and even there the Republican politicians were seriously concerned over the unrest in the industrial centers.

Reasons for the impending political revolt are not far to seek. With hundreds of thousands of workingmen's families if not actually starving certainly going without sufficient or adequate food, there is bound to be resentment against the constituted authorities or, more precisely, against the political party in power. Those out of work, however, are not only undernourished; they have not sufficient clothing, their children do not get the medical attention they need, they cannot pay their rent, they are going heavily into debt, they are losing their homes by the thousands, innumerable families are being split up. They are not sure who should be blamed for their predicament, but they are always ready in their despair to strike at the nearest head, and in the present case the head happens to be that of Herbert Hoover. But the workingmen's families are not alone in their suffering; as many middle-class families if not more are also plainly in distress. Throughout the Middle West thousands of lawyers, doctors, and engineers were found complaining about their reduced incomes; shopkeepers were working and living on a hand-to-mouth basis; bookkeepers and stenographers, or at least those among them fortunate enough to have jobs, were working at salaries far below those they had been getting two or three years before; other white-collar workers, including particularly retail-store clerks, had almost without exception had their pay cut, and in the case of several Chicago department stores the cut had amounted to more than 50 per cent.

Doubtless Mr. Hoover would have been the target of much of the rebellious feeling that abounds in the Middle West even if he had done everything in his power to relieve the situation, but his refusal to recognize the magnitude of the depression and particularly his failure to call Congress into special session have hurt him beyond measure. The Hoover do-nothing policy irks the Middle Westerners more than anything else. For one thing, they feel that the tariff has been harmful, and they would have liked to see Congress busy this summer restoring some semblance of sanity to our tariff rates. From a purely selfish point of view Mr. Hoover ought to realize that by going through this summer without Congress he is not only assuming sole responsibility for the economic situation as far as the government is concerned, but is also drawing upon himself, and upon himself alone, the perhaps unreasoning but none the less bitter criticism of those for whom the depression means want or privation.

A National Newspaper

THE session of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, just ended in New York, has brought up anew the problems that face any ambitious publisher, any journalist, and the newspaper-reading public today. Bruce Bliven, speaking at Princeton on April 23, predicted that the next few years in newspaper publishing would see a mechanical revolution more striking than were the tremendous changes of the past decade. Mr. Bliven said:

> My judgment is that we are just at the beginning of a revolution in journalism based on mechanical invention, the like of which we have never witnessed. I look to see half the linotypers of the country out of work within a decade because of the teletypesetter. Transmission of photographs by wire or wireless, plus air mail, has put a national newspaper just around the next corner, one made up in New York each night, page proofs photographed and transmitted electrically to half a dozen key cities, the paper printed in each of them, and distributed, partly by airplane, to the breakfast tables of a continent.

How far this idea of a mechanized national newspaper is from the old notion of a newspaper that should express the personality of one man and at the same time purvey news of interest to the many is easy to see. The tendency to merge newspapers, to develop the chain-store daily, has resulted so far in one-third of the 40,000,000 copies of newspapers that are daily distributed to the American people being published by chains; and that percentage is increasing every day. If Mr. Bliven means by a national newspaper one that shall reach and be of interest to the nation as a whole, the signs point to our having one. And the larger the publishing unit, and the wider the territory its products cover,

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the lower the average of intellectual content it must reach in order to be acceptable to so many thousands, even millions, of new readers.

A survey of "reader interest" conducted with nine dailies published in five large cities and with four smaller dailies in correspondingly smaller towns gives a fairly good idea of just what a national newspaper would have to offer. Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Des Moines, and St. Louis were included in the first group in a study made by the School of Journalism of Drake University; Iowa University made a complementary study of the Clinton (Iowa) *Herald,* the Richmond (Indiana) *Palladium,* the Richmond (Indiana) *Item,* and the Freeport (Illinois) *Journal.* What do the readers of these papers read? They read the romantic serials—50 per cent of the women read them; they read the cartoons and comic strips—as high as 90 to 100 per cent admitted that they faithfully followed the nationally known comics; they read syndicated "columns"—71 to 75 per cent of readers confessed to this; and from 18 to 25 per cent of them read the editorial pages. After that they give their attention to the news. Local news is, of course, by far the most popular. Only about 5 per cent of the readers of one newspaper would admit following the Washington news letter. Less than 10 per cent of the total readers were interested in foreign news or even in national politics with an international color. Curiously enough, the survey indicated that interest in sports pages is being greatly overestimated by the editors; the reader interest here ranged from 5 per cent of the women to only 29 per cent of the men. And a great lack of ardor was displayed for news of Wall Street or other financial matters; from 3 to 18 per cent followed the Stock Exchange reports and a much smaller number showed any interest in bond tables or the curb market.

What then would a national newspaper contain? Published from New York it might well be. But it would, if it were to be read by millions to whom New York is but a name, look little like the handsome and well-filled pages of the present *Times* or *Herald Tribune.* There would be national advertising in abundance to make up probably half of a fifty- or sixty-page paper. A couple of pages of local news could be added by the town in which the paper was printed; a modest page or two of international and Washington politics would just about fill the national need; a dash of "educational features" carefully selected might fill another page. And the rest could be safely devoted to editorials, mostly local, to Advice to the Lovelorn, Mutt and Jeff, Stories from Life, the Confessions of a Secretary, How to Be Happy Though Married, and Boots and Her Buddies.

The situation cannot, of course, be quite so bad as this. For the various metropolitan areas across the country there must always be a newspaper full of the real news of the day. But there is no question that some such boiling-down and leveling-off process will take place in the production of newspapers that will in time number their readers by the tens of millions. The days of the Greeleys, the Godkins, the Bennetts, even of the Pulitzers are gone. And in their place has come a great, impersonal, competent, all-inclusive newspaper which in its turn is threatened by boiler plate, journalistic vulgarity, the intellectual level of the comic strip. If the threat materializes it will be far simpler to cease publishing newspapers altogether and depend on the radio for news of what is happening in the world.

Revolt at Yale

IT ought to be a matter of more than passing concern to the members and friends of Yale that the thing which has put the university "on the map" during the present academic year is not the pronouncements of its president or governing boards regarding educational policy nor the scholarly achievements of its faculty, but the pungent criticism of its methods and ideals by the editors of an undergraduate publication. Harvard has a reputation for indulging at times in rather frank self-criticism, but the extremest outbursts ever heard at Cambridge seem feeble and timid in comparison with the drastic excoriation of Yale methods and Yale men which has been administered by the *Harkness Hoot.* In the latest issue of that publication one of its editors, William Harlan Hale, returns to the charge in a valedictory well calculated to scorch the toughest academic hide.

What Mr. Hale complains of is that Yale does little or nothing to foster individual culture, and that the ideals which it follows and the methods it uses are such as to make such culture all but impossible. Instead of confining its efforts to the comparatively few who are able to respond to them, it has gone in for mass production and welcomed the unfit in larger numbers than the fit. It has lavished money on mongrel architecture and grandiose schemes for synthesizing "human relations," while ignoring the intellectual quality of its faculty and saturating its instruction with formalism. The resulting paucity of intellectual and social interest is now to be met by inaugurating an imitation of the Oxford college, and herding groups of students in houses where, under the benign supervision of selected members of the professoriate, the culture and social solidarity of gentlemen are expected to grow; all this, meantime, with the harassing restriction of an outgrown four-year course studded with elementary required subjects, and of accumulating endowments for the maintenance of useless show.

The situation at New Haven is not, unhappily, unique. Yale has yielded to the same educational trend which, with most American universities, has been a fatal lure. If it has not gone in for the danger of superficiality of the Meiklejohn Experimental College at Wisconsin, or aped the educational novelties that Rollins College seems to prize, or offered the imposing bill of fare which Columbia spreads out, it has nevertheless dallied with education in ways that stir amazement and invite rebuke. The rebuke now comes from a senior who, examining the bread which has been handed out to him for four years, finds it a stone.

The indictment has importance far beyond the academic limits of Yale. It matters a good deal to our national life that a great university, rich beyond avarice in present wealth and in reasonably assured access to more, should seem to its thoughtful undergraduates to have done so little to develop the proper function of a university and subordinated intellectual enrichment to academic formalism, grandiloquent notions of organizing the incongruous, and material display. The revolt of youth against the education that is offered to it is a warning of intellectual discontent which no university can afford to ignore, for unless such evils as have been courageously exposed at Yale are done away with, the revolt is likely to carry far and wide.

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Easy Times in Middletown

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

South Bend, Indiana, April 16

MY purpose in coming to South Bend was to learn how Middletown, America, has been faring in the current panic. South Bend is not the real Middletown, but it is located in the same State, has most of Middletown's social and economic characteristics, has a very similar population, and has all of Middletown's problems. Three or four industries dominate the city; its church leaders are heard and respected; the American Legion has a strong voice in its civic affairs, as have also the various luncheon clubs, women's clubs, and literary societies; radicalism of whatever color or stripe is and long has been discouraged; the conservative elements are definitely in control. South Bend, moreover, has become famous for its Notre Dame football team, for being the home of Rome C. Stephenson, president of the American Bankers' Association, and for many of its products, including the Studebaker automobile, the Oliver plow, the South Bend watch, and the Singer sewing machine. In short, South Bend is an average American town, growing healthily, normally prosperous, and incurably optimistic. Its population numbers approximately 100,000.

Reading the local newspapers one would never guess that hard times had come upon the city. The press rarely mentions the fact; it refrains from calamity howling, but on the other hand it is not over-boisterous in predicting a sudden return of prosperity. It takes for granted, as do almost all South Bend's leading citizens, that good times are now returning, and that soon all the honest members of the community will be back at work. Outwardly everything in the city appears calm and serene, as though Middletown were enjoying easy times rather than going through a period of depression. Very few of its spokesmen seem to be at all seriously concerned; they will admit that South Bend has experienced a slump and that some of its working people have been out of jobs, but the slump they describe as a temporary depression, and the number of unemployed they estimate at less than 3,500. Anyhow, they add, nobody is going hungry or without clothing and shelter; the generosity of the well-to-do residents is seeing to that. Finally, they say, the working people are facing the situation more bravely than are the business and professional people; there have been no grumbling or protests of any kind from the workers.

Thus encouraged, I looked about me for confirmation of the general belief that South Bend was passing through the Hoover panic with as much stoicism and as little real difficulty or loss as this picture suggested. The Chamber of Commerce and one of the local newspapers I found trying to stir up a revival of the real-estate boom of the last decade. Full-page advertisements pointed out that certain persons who invested in South Bend real estate during the 1921-22 panic realized fabulous profits within a few years. Column-length articles carried messages of faith and confidence from the local bankers, manufacturers, and politicians. The talk of depression was minimized; everything was pointed toward further progress for the city. The suggestion throughout was that this is just another "business depression," without real significance to the city of South Bend, which is bound to grow until it has a population of 150,000 by 1940. Again, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon and at various business men's meetings, this hope and belief were voiced. Two editors, a number of lawyers and real-estate men, and a leading banker poured it into my ear. Depression? In South Bend we are laughing off all such nonsense.

Dinner-table conversation among the polite folk of South Bend followed a slightly different vein. Most of the people whom I met were of the professional class. They talked principally of the state of business—with frequent references to their own reduced incomes; prohibition ran business a close second. Minor subjects included automobiles, the newest fashions, the local scandals, politics, bridge, the troubles of housekeeping, the current talkies, the latest books, and the Spanish revolution. Wall Street and stock speculation were rarely mentioned; the South Bend real-estate boom, despite the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to pump life into it, had apparently been forgotten; the condition of the workers and the problems of labor generally were passed over very lightly and hurriedly; national politics, except in so far as it facilitated an unkind reference to President Hoover, was ignored; possible solutions of the country's economic problems were not talked about at all; every suggestion that these problems might be solved by a nation-wide plan or by organized effort was ridiculed. "We just have no use for panaceas," as one woman put it to me. These professional people were interested in the hard times only because their incomes had been cut a few hundred dollars a year; they entertained a blind hope that if everybody would behave in the accepted American manner business would soon recover and their normal incomes would be restored.

Among the clubwomen there was apparent a more sincere, though woefully ignorant, interest in the present problems of industry and labor. A group of these club members listened a week ago to one of the women officials of the Indiana State Federation of Labor. She talked to them about unemployment, gave them facts and figures, and suggested a possible solution for the local unemployment situation. After her talk the clubwomen held a round-table discussion and eventually came to the unanimous conclusion that the problem could be solved by compelling all married women to quit their jobs in the factories of the city. The labor representative retired in disgust.

Even the labor leaders in town, notwithstanding that they are much more alive to the reality of the situation than are any of the other dominant groups, took the position that the talk of hard times had been overdone. South Bend is largely an open-shop town. Its employers, supported by the bankers, insist on keeping it so. The typographical union is strong here, the building workers are organized, and so are a few minor trades; but the mechanics and laborers in the factories, normally numbering 30,000, are not organized.

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These factory workers have been hardest hit by the depression; right now they are in the mood for organizing into unions, but organized labor has refused to lend them a hand. The American Federation of Labor, according to one of its local spokesmen, feels it has more to gain by concentrating its present efforts upon the Southern textile workers than by entering the field of the automobile mechanics. Also, the federation feels that no group of workers is worth organizing until the workers themselves are placed under such strong pressure by the adverse conditions under which they labor that they will voluntarily take the first steps toward organization without expert help. The local leaders are either unable or unwilling to assist in this task so far as the South Bend industries are concerned. They are for the most part ultra-conservative—earnest adherents of Matthew Woll and his principles. Their weekly newspaper devotes much more space to exposing Soviet Russia as "the greatest slave state in history" than it does to unemployment in South Bend. Before 1917 South Bend had an active branch of the Socialist Party, supported and financed largely by the trade unionists. Today the Socialists cannot muster enough strength to get their candidates on the ballot. World War patriotism and the red scares of 1919 and 1920 sent them to cover, and they have been kept there ever since primarily through the opposition of the unions. Organized labor in South Bend is bitterly opposed to radicalism of any kind, and in the present depression has been consciously minimizing the extent and significance of the unemployment situation in the vague hope that the spread of radicalism will thus be checked.

After interviewing many of the industrialists, bankers, business men, lawyers, social workers, ministers, and labor leaders of the community I was almost convinced that South Bend was not suffering from the depression. The unemployed were being provided for by private charity and by the township trustees. A representative of the governor of Indiana, who is also a retired official of the Studebaker Corporation, had opened an unemployment registry office in the Chamber of Commerce. Persons who could prove themselves bona fide residents of South Bend and who could also prove that they were actually out of work were asked to register at one of the fire stations. Some 4,800 men were permitted to register (after giving their life histories and satisfying the officials that they were really in need), and each of these men was given an identification card. This did not entitle him to a job, nor was he promised work; the card merely assured the holder that "you are in a better position to apply for work that will keep you going until times are better."

To be sure, some five or six hundred holders of these cards have in the last three months found employment, but not through the efforts of the unemployment committee, for this body considered its work done when the jobless were properly registered. Much of the relief work in the city has been carried on under the direction of the Community Fund, an organization comprising fourteen charities. The Community Fund this season collected $190,000, most of which it has now expended. Three soup kitchens were operated during the winter by this organization directly or indirectly. Other relief work costing the taxpayers of South Bend more than $100,000 has been carried on by the township trustees, while a few minor organizations and one or two churches likewise have distributed food and clothing. All of this relief work has been in the nature of unconditional charity. When South Bend learned that a rival Indiana metropolis, Fort Wayne, was forcing its jobless to work for their doles, and that by this means Fort Wayne was getting its parks cleaned up and much of its municipal construction and repair work done by the unemployed who were paid out of charity funds, many public-spirited citizens demanded that unconditional doles be stopped, and that the needy be put to work. But the storm blew over in time, and those hungry residents of South Bend who can and do present acceptable pedigrees are still being fed by the township or the Community Fund.

That is one side of the picture. The dominant groups are optimistic and unworried. They have documentary proof that the unemployed are being cared for, that there is no general distress, and that the workers are satisfied, if not altogether happy. One wonders, however, what has become of the 12,000 to 15,000 other factory mechanics, with their numerous dependents, who were employed in the industrial plants of the city in 1929. Two years ago the factory pay rolls showed approximately 30,000 men and women employed; today only about 15,000 workers are listed, and a large majority of these are working only part time. The Studebaker plant, for example, with a normal employment of 14,000, this last winter kept going with a staff numbering not more than 9,000, almost all of whom have been working only two or three days a week. It is estimated that some 3,000 men have gone back to the farms from which they came when high wages attracted them to South Bend during the boom period. That leaves about 12,000 workers, not to mention their dependents, who must be somewhere here in South Bend without employment and perhaps without food. These cannot all have been absorbed by the retail shops or personal services; indeed, it is doubtful whether any of them have been thus absorbed, for these services have been laying off rather than hiring help. And what about the part-time workers? Are their families getting enough to eat now that the bread-winners are earning only $15 or $20 a week, and often much less than that, when they were once getting $35 to $50 or more a week? Are they able to pay their rent bills? Have they enough fuel, clothing, medical attention? Are they going into debt?

I went into a dozen homes in the West End of South Bend and asked these questions. Some families had enough food "to get along on"; others frankly said "No," and the undernourished look of their children bore out their testimony. April has been fairly warm thus far, and so they did not mind the lack of fuel and the scarcity of clothing. Only five of the twelve families were paying rent; one family was ten months in arrears and another seven. Not one of the families had had a doctor all winter. Eleven of them had borrowed money on their furniture or other belongings at one time or another in the last six months. The head of one family was in prison, serving a year's sentence for an attempt to steal some pork from a farm near the city. I asked them about charity. Only the prisoner's family was getting charity; the others thought they did not need help; they would "get along somehow, and besides there are people around here who are worse off than we are."

From the real-estate dealers of the city I learned that there are hundreds of homes, mostly shabby cottages, on

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which no rent is being paid today. The owners either do not want to put these suffering people out into the street, or they feel that since South Bend is overbuilt—six or seven hundred homes are standing vacant—it is wiser to keep their property occupied, even by families who do not pay rent, than to let it stand empty and uncared for. A similar attitude has been manifested by mortgage-holders in cases where the owners of small homes have not been able to meet their interest payments. A foreclosure sale of a home in South Bend today would bring less than half the normal value of the property. By foregoing the interest the mortgage-holders are taking a smaller loss than they would by selling property in the present demoralized real-estate market. The loan sharks of South Bend have been equally practical if less charitable. An inquiry revealed that more than two thousand workers temporarily laid off by a single company here had pledged their household belongings with the loan sharks at interest rates ranging anywhere from 24 per cent upward. The Studebaker Corporation found that many of its idle workers were in similar plight, and loaned these men a total of $150,000, without interest, to clear up their chattel mortgages. Of this sum about $80,000 has so far been repaid.

The rest of South Bend may be ignorant of the struggle for existence confronting its working people, but the working people themselves are not. Many of them are facing the future with despair, and not a few of them are turning toward communism. I was asked upon more than one occasion what I thought of communism, what progress Russia was making. The Communist Party, unlike the A. F. of L., has seen fit to send organizers or agitators among them. Two of these agitators came down from Chicago a few months ago. One of them led a demonstration in front of the City Hall; his followers were dispersed, and he himself "lectured" in the police station. The newspapers carried no account of this incident, though some of the business men did not hesitate to boast about the manner in which the agitator was driven out of the city after having been beaten with the end of a rubber hose. The second man has been organizing meetings of factory mechanics out of work. These meetings have had to be held in a different place every night in order to dodge the police, who have instructions to break them up at any cost. The business men and police believe they have now put an end to these Communist gatherings. They say they have driven the agitators out of town and have lured their followers away with free meals. However that may be, I visited a Communist meeting held in an obscure hall in the West End night before last. More than two hundred men, all of them young and all of them with the mark of the experienced factory mechanic about them, were in attendance. The Communists are also reported to be publishing a clandestine newspaper and conducting a training class for school children, but of these I could learn little.

It is obvious that a small minority of the workers of South Bend are ready today to try something like the Russian experiment in this country; others among them are talking and thinking seriously about the Five-Year Plan, but are not yet ready to exchange their own insecure futures for the doubtful future of a Communist state. But for the rest of this Middletown called South Bend such a country as Russia actually does not exist. It is true, of course, that members of the Notre Dame faculty occasionally talk about Russia, but usually only to attack the Communists on religious grounds. The business men, or at least a few of the more intelligent of them, do not like Washington's Russian policy. South Bend has automobiles and sewing machines and plows to sell; before the war many of these were sold in Russia; the business men blame Washington for hampering this lucrative trade. They do not, however, want our Russian policy liberalized; they merely want it adjusted so that they can sell more of their goods in the Soviet Union.

The middle and upper classes in South Bend may think that the hard times have not been affecting them; yet beneath the surface of their life there is noticeable a vague feeling of insecurity. Thousands of them every week patronize the twoscore clairvoyant shops and fortune-tellers' parlors located in and about the city. I visited four of these seers. One, a woman, admitted that her income has trebled in the last year. A male fortune-teller and healer said that whereas his income averaged $35 a week in 1929, it is now running close to $200 weekly. The other two clairvoyants had similar tales to tell. Middle-class Middletown is groping for reassurance. The churches that have something in the way of mysticism to offer—the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Christian Science churches—report increased attendance and contributions in the last year or so. The other Protestant churches, on the other hand, have experienced a slump in both attendance and revenues.

South Bend, then, is on the surface not seriously concerned with the depression, partly because it has not been so hard hit as some of the larger industrial centers, partly because it has chosen to close its eyes to some of the hard facts of the panic, but also partly because it neither understands nor seems to care what caused the depression or what its consequences may be. A few of its leaders, but only a few, realize that the city cannot afford to go into next winter in such blissful ignorance, unless a miracle occurs and the boom days of 1929 suddenly and unexpectedly return. The workers' debts are piling up, their children and to a considerable extent they themselves are undernourished, they are not getting proper medical attention. If in their weakened financial and physical condition they are brought face to face with another long winter of unemployment there doubtless will be trouble of one sort or another. A prominent lawyer declared frankly that "this thing cannot go on forever. We have had control of the situation up until now, and the warmer weather will help us, but if we have to go through another winter like the last one, it is not only possible but probable that we'll see any number of disturbances on a scale that will do grave injury to South Bend, but perhaps also wake it up." If the rioting that this man and a few others anticipate does come to pass, South Bend will be taken wholly by surprise, for its newspapers and its civic leaders have studiously refrained from keeping the city informed as to the seriousness of the underlying situation. The press did not mention the City Hall demonstration of last February; it has said nothing of several other demonstrations held in the West End; it carried not a line about the riot that took place a few weeks ago at the Bendix plant; it has observed complete silence concerning Communist and other radical activities. This Middletown known as South Bend can be optimistic about the depression, but that is only because it has not been allowed to know what it means.

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Behind Spain's Revolution

By DEVERE ALLEN

Jaca, Spain, April 8

THEY say that when King Alfonso was very young he sometimes had to be shut up in a room by himself, whereupon he proceeded to yell at the top of his lungs "Long live the republic" until they let him out. Today the cry is heard all over Spain. It is particularly lusty in this frontier town of the western Pyrenees where the outbreak of last December began—a revolt which was not just a flash in the pan but which had been plotted throughout the kingdom, with a provisional cabinet chosen. This cabinet, be it noted, included both Republicans and Socialists, and for the first time in Spanish history the revolutionary manifesto was signed entirely by civilians instead of by a corps of military men. Military force was relied on to make the coup, but the guidance was non-military.

Under the leadership of Captains Galán and Garcia, two young officers who had a following for their radical ideas, the scheduled rebellion all but succeeded; Jaca's pro-Alfonso troops were locked up, and the revolutionary conquerors, crying "The republic, the republic!" piled into cars and hastened toward Huesca to join with comrades in an attempt to overthrow the royal power there also. But thanks to a telephone message which got through, the loyal troops were ready, and in a short time the rebels were captives themselves. The outbreak had come three days ahead of time, through inadequate organization; and in a few hours Galán and Garcia fell before a firing squad.

Alfonso was saved. But Jaca was still largely Republican, and in the very midst of the royal troopers who were here in large numbers and who were especially vigilant throughout the recent trials of the men implicated in the revolt, citizens carried in their pockets for circulation among all and sundry two fine post-card photographs of the handsome executed leaders. And although the courthouse, with its forbidding windows grilled by heavy iron, was well protected by colorful uniforms, the little chocolate bars that pass for cafes in Jaca did not require hushed voices for frank speech about Alfonso.

You get to Jaca from France by a new railroad winding up across the Pyrenees at an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet. Jaca itself is some 3,000 feet above sea level, and is in a formidable, inaccessible location. The Moors built its cathedral; Charlemagne took it on his Christianizing campaign. It is on the edge of the Basque country from which Unamuno hurls defiance at the throne, and not far from the Catalonian border of Aragon, beyond which exists a perpetual state of discontent where desires range from home rule to Sinn Fein separatism. Through Jaca Alfonso came to dedicate the railroad a year or so ago at Canfranc, the border station, and on that occasion he had the temerity to say in a speech addressed to Briand, who had come to share in the celebration, that Spain was a constitutional monarchy although the constitution was temporarily suspended pending its eventual restoration with certain reservations! The people do not forget these things. Spain is a country in ferment, divided by schisms innumerable and deep, as well as possessing in its temper a highly individualistic, disintegrating trend.

Spain has been a republic once, so voted by the Cortes, in 1873 and 1874. Alfonso XII, father of the present king, when entering upon his powers in 1876 at the beginning of the restoration, proclaimed loyalty to the new constitution, but at once demonstrated that by this he had meant only that he would bend it to his personal ends. Alfonso XIII was born a king, Alfonso XII having died before the birth of his son. Raised provincially under the narrow outlook of his mother, indoctrinated with the military ideas of the army schools, and dominated by the worst influences of the church in its reactionary self-aggrandizement, the young King began to assert his personal will, in violation of the constitution, soon after ascending to the royal power in 1902 at the age of sixteen.

Early he found that when he wanted something, the best response came from the army officers with whom he was always surrounded, or from the ecclesiastics with whom he fraternized. Both of these groups were quite willing to toady, if necessary, in order to win ultimate advantages. That they won advantages cannot be questioned—as witness the persecution of intellectual skeptics in the universities and the suppression of labor activities at the hands of the police and military. And thus, while Alfonso was always outwardly the dominating factor, Spain of the restoration was ruled by an actual triumvirate consisting of king, army, and church. There were army men and also ecclesiastics who stood out against the corrupt and cynical disregard of political rights which such a rule engendered, but they were usually as so many blades of grass before the sickle. Thus, long before the dictatorship of 1923, which placed in Alfonso's hands that directness of government which his mind had always relished, there was abundant unconstitutionality on the part of the king who had sworn, on the day of his coronation, loyalty to "the constitution and the laws, conscious of all that is implied in the solemn engagement contracted thereby before God and before the nation." Already the silver coins declaring they were of *Rey Const. de España* were counterfeit in sentiment.

Alfonso, turning his growing ambitions in the direction of Africa, had made so great a mess of his Moroccan war through his personal interferences that a parliamentary commission was due in 1923 to render a critical report; hence, if he did not deliberately connive at the establishment of Primo's dictatorship, he welcomed it with vast relief. The report was never made; Parliament was suspended—how many American business individualists know the happy feeling when Congress is out of the picture even for a time—and there was a rule of simple force, a method the King could grasp and feel at home with.

Primo de Rivera, truth to tell, did fairly well in many ways. He got things going when the old Spain was too sluggish to meet its surging new interests, created largely by the war; he developed roads and railways, instituted more modern customs, even finally read the handwriting on the

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wall and drafted a constitution. But the Spaniard does not easily fit into regimentation, and when the smoldering flames of working-class organizations were matched by business disquiet over the secret and futile efforts to conceal a budgetary collapse, Primo had to go.

What next? There was the army still to turn to. In Spain the army exists not for war but for political reasons mainly. You start with a private, who requires two corporals to watch him; these need the attentions of three sergeants, who have to have four lieutenants. And so it goes. For about 200,000 troops, the army has nearly 20,000 officers, more than 200 of them generals. From this group Alfonso picked Berenguer who, though severe in crises, talked glibly about Cortes and constitutions, and after withdrawing a promised election, promised it again. The Jaca revolt, even if it failed, was an ice-cold plunge to the clique in power.

The issue of Catalonia, the land-tenure problem, the stabilization of the peseta, even, are being laid aside for the elections, the first in eight years, granted because the serious danger of holding them was overbalanced by the greater danger of making further empty pledges.

Meantime, as the erstwhile jailbird Socialists and Republicans, imprisoned for their part in planning the December revolution but finally released after serving three months or so, go about their campaigning, they are the centers of tremendous crowds and are popular as never before. And while the prisoners condemned at Jaca for their share in the uprising set sail from Tarragona for island prisons, and their judge, also jailed for using the customary defense that a rebellion cannot be illegal when directed against an illegal government, leaves the port of Valencia, enormous masses of people line the quays, crying "Long live the republic!" The city council of Barcelona, repudiating a document they were constrained to sign in 1926 which attested loyalty and urged conformist behavior on the masses, made the occasion one of true Spanish drama by destroying it in an *auto-da-fé*.

The universities are sullen and angry, particularly the university at Madrid, where the police fired 4,000 shots at student demonstrators recently, killing at least one, wounding others, and hitting a medical ward where operations were being performed on children. Unamuno, who last May urged in Madrid the winning of freedom "in the streets" and was thereafter "escorted" to his home, has just gone to Madrid again and in the same great hall has again made a similar speech, crying out to a huge and cheering audience, "The blood and the deeds of December have separated Spain from her king." *El Socialista,* in a preelection review of the past rebellious weeks, upholds the revolutionaries as the truly legal forces in the country, and of their sentences declares: "Their judges may condemn them, but the nation will not."

Whether or not Spain contains a majority of people converted to the republican principle, the country wants no more of dictators and absolutists, either royal or military.

The Art of the American Indian

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER

AN exposition of Indian Tribal Arts has been announced for New York next November, at the Grand Central Art Galleries. The announcement states that "the art of the American Indian is just beginning to receive its due recognition as one of the world's greatest original expressions of design," and it goes on to say that the aim of the exposition is "to present American Indian art *as art*." It is just here that interest is stirred. Everyone knows American Indian craftswork as museum material, and there are literally thousands of private collections of "Indian curiosities" throughout the country, varying in size from a few articles to a few tons. But all these represent either the scientific or the antiquarian interest; an interest in Indian creations as art is less familiar and more challenging.

To one fairly well acquainted with the field the classes of objects that may sustain the challenge as objects of art for art's sake are not numerous. Rugs and blankets, baskets and pottery, ornamented skins and fabrics and especially beadwork, jewelry mainly of silver and turquoise—these, along with minor carvings and paintings, nearly exhaust the list. In the main they are utilitarian, having for motive either frank utility or personal adornment. What would seem to be a prime requisite of art for art's sake, namely, abstraction from immediate purpose, is almost wholly lacking. Yet if the Indian's art is genuinely to stand as a great "original expression of design," it must be because the patterns themselves possess intrinsic aesthetic qualities.

This is an exacting test, but Indian design is meeting it. The Navajo rug is an obvious example. Navajo blankets were first taken over by white men for purely utilitarian purposes, as bedding and body protection. The blankets were close in weave and light and strong in fabric; and it was to a great extent army officers, returning home or sending gifts, who were responsible for the first appearance of these blankets for household use. The blanket came to be used as a floor covering, and this development reacted upon both the supply and the design. The weaves became coarser, the texture heavier. The blanket became the rug, with modifications in size, shape, and design, and the craft expanded into an important industry, not only for the tribesmen but for the traders and dealers. It is significant that for purely aesthetic reasons the Navajo rug has come definitely to compete with other carpets. In many instances it has driven out Orientals, perhaps primarily because of its more stimulating color and pattern, but surely also in some degree because its geometric simplicities have so much in common with modern art, which is more concerned with form and motion than with bloom or modulation.

The pottery painting of the Pueblo Indians is certain eventually to prove a source of design even more universal, both because of its intrinsic richness and its more varied applicability. The production of this pottery, like that of Navajo rugs, has become definitely an industry, satisfying a demand for beautiful objects and not simply for curios or souvenirs. Owing to the freedom of the artist, painting at will upon a smooth surface, this art has naturally developed

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a variety of styles and a multiplicity of patterns far beyond the possibilities of the primitive weaver's craft. Apart from extinct types, displayed on museum shelves, there are today at least six styles of the Pueblo potter's design in active development. Each year from the Hopi villages, from Zuñi, from Acoma and Laguna, from Sia, from Santo Domingo, and from San Ildefonso come not only new patterns but frequently new techniques in pottery decoration. And many of these patterns are immediately adapted to prints of all sorts, paper and fabric. In fact, as a rich and fluent source of ornamental patterns Pueblo pottery is comparable to Greek or Chinese vessels and vases. The polychrome is limited. There are no beautiful glazes (though there is some hand polishing). Naturalistic forms are seldom employed with adeptness. But the conventional patterns are astonishing, for both their intricacy and their beauty. That the source of it, the imagination of the Pueblo Indian, is actively at work, inventive today as perhaps it has never been before, is certainly reason for felicitation. It represents one of our most important genuine artistic resources.

A third source of Indian design, which again is rich and varied, is the beadwork of the tribes of the Great Lakes and Plains regions. Their work is almost exclusively concerned with costume and accouterments, and is essentially the art of semi-nomadic peoples, concerned with the hunt and with the outdoors generally. Here are sunlit rather than shadowed spaces, glints caught in the distance, and, above all, motion, whether of dancer or horseman. Feathers and fringes, dressed skins and painted leathers go with it, combining to give us a picture of the costumed Indian as the theater would have him.

In detail, however, there is much that transcends mere costume in the beadwork patterns to be found, now on bands and bags, now on moccasins, dresses, cradles, horse gear. Here again there are schools of both technique and design. Sometimes beads are employed for outline, again they are blocked in in masses, as for color work. Patterns may draw heavily, now upon floral sources, now upon purely geometric sources, or again upon conventional symbols. The designs match those of Pueblo pottery for variety and far exceed them in change and beauty of coloring. At the same time there are almost no elements common to the two. As yet little transfer has been made of Indian bead design, which unfortunately lags as a living art, but in at least one notable instance its possibilities have been demonstrated. The ceiling of the Senate chamber in the State Capitol of Nebraska is covered with glazed tiles bearing a pattern which is wholly built up of Plains Indian beadwork motives, the work of Hildreth Meière.

In the three branches of Indian art which have been mentioned as fruitful sources of design, one may fairly inquire how much is unalloyed native, how much is due to the influence of an incoming race. The weaving of Navajo blankets is certainly recent, since it began with the flocks which supplied the wool. The wool is definitely of Spanish origin, but the weaving and the patterns may have existed among Pueblo populations who were working in cotton and other materials long before the day of the white man. There is no pronounced similarity in the designs of prehistoric and historic fabrics, though they belong to the same family, being composed of simple geometrical elements which are, after all, universal; and it seems altogether likely that the Southwestern Indians took many ideas both from the Spanish colonists and from the Mexican Indians who accompanied the Spaniards. But the important fact is that, whatever the impulse, the Navajo have made the design essentially their own and have developed it to a point where it embodies a living taste. Likewise in the case of the later art of silver jewelry—while the metallurgy came with the white man, the design and the art are native. Pueblo pottery has older and certainly native origins, but none can say that its modern florescence is entirely uninfluenced by the taste of the white man. The only example of obvious continuity from the prehistoric to the current style is to be found in Hopi pottery, and here it is due to the keenness of one woman, Nampeyo, who in studying the jars and shards unearthed by white archaeologists in her neighborhood mastered and revived the older fashion, to make of it one of the most notable expressions of the potter's craft. Latterly the potters of San Ildefonso have captured the white man's fancy, and deservedly, but while their art is full of invention it shows no tendency whatever to copy Caucasian forms.

In the case of beadwork, it is again apparent that its main reliance, as an art, is upon materials furnished by French and English manufacturers, and there are definite adaptations of motives of European origin. Yet the essence of the design is still autochthonous, harking back to wampum, quillwork, and cut-leather patterns rather than to any foreign ideas. In short, the materials—wool, silver, cloths, beads—have come with the trader, but the craft is native.

But all this has to do only with surface decoration; what is to be said of form in Indian art, form in its tridimensional developments? Here one may not so readily make a case. Indian jars and baskets are characteristically shapely, often finely proportioned; but they rarely show either classic grace or Oriental elegance, and certain of the later shapes are clearly after white men's models. It is quite true, as it is often said, that the birch-bark canoe is one of the most beautiful of boats, but here we are dealing in part with an accident of material. Many pipes, bowl and stem, are interesting, or even beautiful, yet this is a small art upon which to base a reputation. Carved masks are commonly grotesques, and modeled forms generally are crude. It is only among the tribes of the Northwest Coast that carving is outstanding, and here, in spite of the beauty of form of wood and stone vessels, the dominating note of animal-form heraldry leaves mainly an impression of the bizarre, even if this be in quality unforgettable. Indeed, there are few pieces of American Indian sculpture—the Singing Girl of Peten is one of them—even among the barbaric builders of the Mayan south, that are notable as sculpture in the round; the highest expression of their sculptors' art, the painted bas-relief, was still of the nature of the picture, still of the surface. African carvings probably surpass Indian, as certainly even the cruder examples of Oriental sculpture do also.

When it comes to painting, another story is to be told. The art, unfortunately, is one which invites ready destruction, and even from the Mexican civilizations few examples have survived. But these few include such a masterpiece as the Dresden Codex, along with fragments of fresco that immediately command our respect. In the United States virtually all of the older skin-paintings have disappeared. Those which do survive belong to the past century only,

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and mainly to the latter half of it. Yet among these survivals are enough examples of a quality which makes us understand that here is a genuine expressive art—no longer merely ornament. This is particularly true of the art of the Plains tribes, in which feats of arms and the chase of the bison are the dominating subjects. The power of the Indian in portraying animals in action is equal to that of the Magdalenians of paleolithic Europe, while his ability in handling picturesque groups of both men and animals, his power to compose impressively, is far superior to that of any other primitive people. Indeed, one is tempted to ask if any art of pictorial illumination has ever rivaled for excitement and motion the battle scenes of Amos Bad Heart Bull, or if any horse lovers have been so economically true to their animal as another Siouan artist, Kills Two. The art of both men, as of the Plains Indians generally, is wholly native and unsophisticated. Native also are the recent remarkable developments of Kiowa and Pueblo painting.

Only a blind imagination can fail to look forward with keen interest to the promised exposition, and there are many admirers of what the Indian has already achieved who feel that the exposition will lead to an awakened appreciation, and to renewed stimulation, of Indian art.

Among Those Surveyed

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

THE fact-finding procedure called the survey has become indispensable to research technique. And as object to be surveyed it seems that the Negro has become equally indispensable. When, momentarily, every socially misfit condition has been exhaustively studied, those whose investigative itch remains unsatisfied seek a human maladjustment to which to direct the attention of opulent philanthropic foundations, and having found it strive by talk to elevate it as a cause for alarm to such an extent that it will release funds for office space, salaries, travel, and questionnaires. If this calculated effort fails to produce a "problem" which "demands" a survey, there is always the Negro.

Such surveys usually adopt one of three methods. First, there is the casual exploratory visit. This is not properly a survey. It is, however, the favorite device of interracial bodies, classes in sociology, and mission study groups. For example, students of the State school at Auburn, Alabama, spend a few hours at Tuskegee Institute visiting shops, classrooms, and farms, are entertained with "spirituals," and thus acquire first-hand knowledge of the Negro. A class at Ohio State University makes a tour of business concerns owned by Negroes, parades through halls and offices, glances vacantly at clerks and equipment, comments in the semi-whispers one associates with deathbed scenes, and returns to the university, having gained in three hours' sight-seeing as much information about the Negro as the same effort in a zoo would yield about the home habits of the caged animals on view. A further illustration of this happy and useless method is the recent Pullman excursion through the South of the American Interracial Seminar.

The second method has more serious pretensions. Its chief instrument is the questionnaire. It concerns itself frequently with some particular phase of Negro life. A Negro, any Negro, may find one of these questionnaires in any day's mail. Here is one concerning illicit sexual relations between white women and black men—a question which however cosmically significant it may be to the interrogator is not likely to alter perceptibly the course of human progress. This questionnaire asks about white prostitutes entertaining colored men, about bastard offspring of white mothers and black fathers, about white common-law wives of Negroes. Unfortunately for the maker of the questionnaire, I am without experience or information in the field indicated, whites and blacks go right on intermingling sexually without legally registering their intentions, and I am forced to ignore the questionnaire.

The third method of studying the Negro is modern to the minute. It has efficient machinery and ample finance. There is a headquarters, which may be a desk in the office of a city welfare institution, independent quarters downtown, or the department of sociology of a big university. There will be a commission, a director, assistants, stenographers. Charts, graphs, data cards, "studies" in manuscript, and discussion will multiply amazingly. The survey may be a specialization or it may embrace the entire "life" of the Negro. The work of the Chicago Vice Commission and the study published last year by Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University are illustrations.

To many among those surveyed, the personal worker—the distinguishing feature of this method—is particularly disquieting. Sometimes he gains access to intimate facts through friendship or by failure to make a completely truthful statement about the use to which the facts are to be put. Or he simply approaches a home like a canvasser, armed with pad, pencil, and questions devastating to self-respect. Was your grandmother married to your grandfather? Was either white? Is there syphilis or insanity in the family? But the machine is efficient. Despite an occasional abruptly shut door information pours into headquarters, files choke with data-filled cards, and walls disappear behind pin-stuck maps.

Two questions arise here. First, what becomes of the material gathered? For the past three decades the Negro has been repeatedly surveyed. A vast store of material must have thus accumulated. Where is it deposited for public use? For these surveys have been undertaken in the public interest. So rich philanthropists have been persuaded, foundations have announced, and the unheeding public has been assured. Reports, necessarily limited, are given to and buried in the press. An occasional book appears, with a price so high or with subject so circumscribed or so technically expressed as to foredoom general interest. Ceremoniously embalmed by graduate-school faculties, much of the matter reposes as doctors' dissertations on shelves in university libraries. Where is the remainder?

Second, what good are these never-ending surveys? The stock reply the researcher gives to this question is that they furnish bases for reform programs. A summary of all programs for social betterment resulting from surveys would be illuminating. Considering the prodigious work involved, concrete benefits arising therefrom seem disproportionately small. Certain advantages to a limited number of individuals are apparent—well-paid jobs, public recognition of talent which might remain otherwise obscure, intellectual stimulation of scholastic groups. But that the general welfare is discoverably improved is doubtful.

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A third question presents itself to the Negro. If he were either superman or missing link, that would have been discovered long ago. For he has been minutely examined, from his adroitly advertised nonesuch thick skull to his equally cleverly advertised nonesuch flat feet. Brain tissue, blood composition, bone formation, muscle distribution, nerve reaction have been compared. Over and over again his pet diseases have been card-indexed, his crimes catalogued, his sexual behavior described, his occupations listed, his housing conditions noted, his lack of grandfathers indicated, his birth- and death-rates determined. These labyrinthine examinations disclose only that he is mere man, with the common frailties and glories of all mankind. Then why postulate that he is still a thing apart to be separately studied and specially treated?

From the contemplation of the extensive labors and the unceasing flow of talk which these recurring surveys create, a thoroughly disillusioned Negro arises. For assurance has been given him that these detailed reviews are for his good. Nevertheless, he finds that after all this labored effort to reveal what he is and the conditions under which he exists nothing fundamental happens. A school may be built, an apartment erected, a playground provided, a community center founded, a Y. M. C. A. established, an urban league organized. But the Negro is still held down to the lowest economic level among the socially unwanted.

In the Driftway

WITH spring on and "public works" under way the Drifter grows anxious about trees. And he wishes, for once, that he were ubiquitous—that he might be present to speak a piece in favor of going around every giant oak and maple that will fall this summer to make way for barren asphalt, to make a straight way for foul-smelling, speeding automobiles, in order that fewer reckless drivers may smash their fenders and their necks in the mad rush to reach their destination, which most likely will turn out to be a place where there are trees. Thus we preserve, if not increase, the number of reckless drivers while we speed on toward the complete annihilation of trees. Yet, judged on its merit, the tree would win every time. That goes for any tree. As for the great oaks and elms, the maples and beeches that are lighting up the woods and fields and the back roads this month with red buds and green-gold leaves, the Drifter marvels that any man, merely because he has an ax or a saw or a contract to straighten out a curve, can take upon himself the responsibility for snuffing out the life of a tree that was growing when his grandfather was young, that will still be growing, but for his presumptuous ax, when his grandchildren are gathered to their graves. Yet thousands of trees fall every year in a holocaust that would fill the Drifter's heart with sorrow if it did not make his blood boil with fury.

* * * * *

PROGRESS is a fearful and wonderful thing, and the Drifter has no desire to impede its march. He would almost as soon—not quite—live without trees as without telephones. But he cannot, for the life of him, see why a choice is necessary—why ten young maples must be required, if not to give up their lives, at least to be disfigured forever by the lopping off of limbs to make way for poles and wires over which Mrs. Jones may gossip with Mrs. Smith to the great detriment of Mrs. Brown. Yet for some occult and apparently mighty reason the wires and the poles can never be set six feet to the west or to the east. They must go just where that line of maples has been growing since father was a boy. The Drifter thinks the reason is usually no reason at all. It is merely that a high-handed dictatorial telephone company, with an arrogance born of too much monopoly and too little contact with trees, orders the sacrifice; and the subscriber, overawed by progress, carries out the order. The public utilities of this country have committed many a sin according to what the Drifter reads in the editorial pages up ahead, but there is none more grievous than the ruin they have brought to fine trees. If only one could be sure that all tree-killers when they die would be consigned to a treeless desert and there be chased round and round forever by live, hungry axes and playful nipping saws.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows one woman who thought, and proved, that the choice between trees and telephones need not be made. She wanted a telephone. The company assured her it would be necessary to lop off half the limbs of a row of twenty-year-old maples that she had set out with her own hands. "Never," said she, and meant it. The lady has a telephone, though. They brought it to her from another direction. It seems to fulfil its function—and the trees are among the most beautiful the Drifter knows about. For contrast there is the sad tale of a town in Connecticut where at least six magnificent elms a hundred feet high and more than a hundred years old were cut down only last spring. With what advantage to the town? Well, it is possible now to stand before the garish painted front of one chain store, look across a wide and desolate paved street, and see the garish painted front of another chain store without a single branch or trunk to obscure the vision—and what a vision!

* * * * *

AS for roads, has anyone ever thought to ask why every single curve must go? There are curves and curves. Some are dangerous, to be sure, and should be straightened. But some are so slight as to be dangerous only to morons. Must our roads, like our movies, be as dull and smooth as a moron's mind? Yet so far as the Drifter can make out, thousands of dollars and millions of bright branches are spent each year merely to keep fools from killing themselves. At the risk of appearing brutal, the Drifter submits that the game is not worth the candle if the candle is a maple that spring lights up. He will be told that the morons kill not only themselves but others who may be worth more to the community. That is true, but the Drifter holds out still for the occasional subtlety of a curved road and a spreading tree. It is still possible—though it grows admittedly more difficult every day—for intelligence to protect itself against stupidity. And the Drifter might, if pressed, even go so far as to point out that lives have been sacrificed for things much less worth dying for than trees in spring.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

A Word to the Dirt Farmer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Our friend the "Dirt Farmer," who admits, in your issue of March 4, to being very much puzzled, would cut the earth in two if he had a big enough saw. He gives the impression that the government at Washington should, at one fell swoop, abandon its agricultural research and fire its entomologists, because these tend to increase production while the Farm Board—ill-fated though it may be—attempts to accomplish what the worms would do free of charge if left to their own devices.

If, on the one hand, the Farm Board advocates curtailment of production, the government does not necessarily oppose itself by ordering its entomologists to go after the very last insect. The true purpose of the agricultural department is to increase the production per unit area of land, per man, or per some other similar unit. It is only by eliminating insects and evolving more efficient methods that the present output will be realized from a smaller area and with less labor. Fewer worms and more efficiency do not necessarily mean more output but less energy in securing the same production.

Montreal, April 1 Louis de Savoye

Chicago Needs a Liberal Press

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A short time ago the Chicago *Evening Post* was put up for auction. The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* purchased it, and its editions are sold on the streets of Chicago without any apparent change.

Many intelligent Chicagoans often wonder why a liberal newspaper has never attempted to gain a foothold in this city. We have Hearst, the McCormicks, the Strongs, a tabloid, and the above-mentioned brokers' organ. We wonder where the Scripps-Howard company and other liberal publishers were when the *Post* was put up for sale? In my opinion there is no city on earth more capable of supporting a liberal daily than Chicago.

Chicago, April 9 Tom Rylands

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: And now that the Chicago *Tribune* has triumphed, it can well pat Big Bill on the back, acknowledge that he put up a good fight, and shake hands all around. For almost twenty years "Bill the Builder," single-handed, fought one of the greatest powers in history, and got the decision in most of the rounds. The result, of course, could have been foreseen. How could one man, or a million men, conquer the Chicago *Tribune*? Yet Thompson never outgrew the spirit of American democracy taught him in grammar school, and childishly believed that Americans would not permit such powerful giants to dictate the government of a great city.

To us citizens of Chicago the change of mayors makes little difference. We shall continue to be ruled by self-seeking politicians allied with criminals. Cermak's myriad of job-seekers are not one whit better than Thompson's henchmen. And the people of Chicago will continue to bow their heads under the rule of crime and criminals just as long as their thinking is prescribed by the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago *American*, and the Chicago *Daily News*. We need a press in Chicago attuned to the ideals of *The Nation*. Under existing conditions no one paper of the sort can achieve the necessary circulation. A score of neighborhood papers edited by Americans of the Villard school could do the trick. Meanwhile, we must multiply the circulation of *The Nation* in Chicago.

Chicago, April 8 Harry G. Wexler

The Barbarous "Wozzeck"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that Arthur Mendel, in his article If the Metropolitan Should Go Musical, is rather dictatorial.

If anyone wishes to see the barbarous "Wozzeck," let him journey to Philadelphia. That is not too great a punishment for those who would help to discourage what few strongholds of conservative culture we have. Let there be a few institutions that will not be swept aside by every occasional wind of fad that blows through the field of art, or what in these materialistic and mechanical days passes for art.

Wenoneh, N. J., April 16 Elbert M. Conover

Mooney and Billings

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer would like to hear from all *Nation* readers in Montana and nearby places who would be interested in attending a conference to be held in Helena or Butte during the early summer of 1931 for the purpose of discussing plans to secure justice for Mooney and Billings. And I suggest that *Nation* readers in other States and other liberals would do well to hold a similar conference for the same purpose.

Plains, Mont., April 15 Wade R. Parks

Another Macleod

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Contrary to your note about me in the contributors' box in your issue of April 1, I did not write "German Lyric Poetry." The Norman Macleod who did is, I think, an Englishman.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 5 Norman Macleod

Contributors to This Issue

Devere Allen, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, has been spending the winter studying conditions in Europe.

Hartley Alexander, professor of philosophy at Scripps College, is a member of the advisory committee of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts.

Gustavus Adolphus Steward has written occasional articles for *The Nation* and other magazines.

Horace Gregory will publish shortly a translation of Catullus.

Cuthbert Wright is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

Maynard Shipley is president of the Science League of America.

Ellen N. La Motte is the author of "The Opium Monopoly."

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Books, Art, Music, Drama

Birthday in April

By HORACE GREGORY

This is the day that I began; this is new year's
in the terse calendar that opens with my name.
April and south winds in the sky repeat the same
rhythm and the identical body sleeps, hears
Spring at morning waking the same trees that always
wear the sun on slender branches that somehow rise
out of dark streets curved downward at night and men's eyes
cannot discern the roots coiled and unwinding under doors
and hallways.

It is not the season but inevitable
return of seasons that destroys the days, the hours
fixed in a man's brain and builds them new again; flowers
and grass covering a ruined city. And full
of these quick seasons, I retrace the day my breath
first issued toward my third decade. Let stones, spires,
earth,
O Trinity, answer death.

Economics: The Lively Science

The Nemesis of American Business. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.

LIKE everything else that Stuart Chase writes, this book is alive. There is the same difference between it and the average economic textbook as between an athlete doing a pole vault and a skeleton hung in a classroom. Mr. Chase can dramatize his subject as few men can. He deals very little in abstractions, very much in concrete facts, specifically the facts of 1930 and 1931. His economic men are not calculating ghosts, windy concepts; they are fellows who wear fancy neckties, catch the 8:17, and dodge Buicks and Chryslers on the way to work. A distressingly large number of them, also, are men in frayed trousers, who stand stolidly for hours, three, four, and six abreast, in lines winding around the block, on the slim chance of getting a job. Mr. Chase does not talk solemnly and vaguely about Supply, Demand, the Principles of Distribution; but he tells you how the A. O. Smith Corporation, in Milwaukee, makes automobile frames with a machine filling a whole building, replacing 2,000 robots with 200 skilled men; or how integrity has become a luxury that few of us can afford; or how group-insurance rates are causing big business to refuse to hire men over forty; or how complicated and perilous the modern city is under its sidewalks. He contrasts the quiet economic life of the self-contained Mexican Indian village with that of the insecure worker in New York, Detroit, or Pittsburgh. He gives us the most vivid portrait ever penned of our obscene national messiness: he simply looks out of railroad-car windows and reports what he sees—rickety cottages, littered yards and inclosures, tobacco barns, abandoned motor cars, signboards and roadside eruptions generally, cut-over woodlands, factory sidings, coal and wood yards, dumps full of soggy newspapers, tin cans, go-carts, kerosene stoves, spring beds, glass bottles, tires, banana peels, farm machinery. In brief, the economics Mr. Chase gives us is not a blue-print diagram, but an oil painting in full colors, and even full stenches.

Yet this pictorial economics has the defects of its qualities: it is impressionistic, and a bit slapdash. Mr. Chase's diagnoses and remedies are sometimes too confident and racy. Let us take an example or two. Like many other recent writers, Mr. Chase is constantly referring to excess plant capacity as "the most immediately critical factor in the whole 'overproduction' situation." Now I doubt that this factor is as important or as necessarily evil as it is commonly represented to be. Plant capacity was even more "excessive" in some lines in 1921 than it is now; there were economists then who pointed to it as perhaps the most important reason why no recovery could be looked for from that depression; nevertheless, the recovery came. It is well known that for a factory to operate at its theoretical maximum is wasteful. And if only half the capacity is being used the situation is not necessarily desperate. A modern mass-production factory working at only 50 per cent capacity may still be immensely more economical than an older-type factory working full blast. The real question, it seems to me, is whether big mass-production plants can work at 50 per cent capacity *and still make a net profit;* and apparently many of them can, as shown by last year's record for the leading motor-car manufacturers. Moreover, it is better to have room to expand in than to have to throw up new factories in haste should a sudden increase in demand appear. When plant capacity becomes too excessive, the marginal plants, the older and less efficient plants, must be scrapped; it is real economy to scrap them; and so the situation tends to cure itself. The loss for foolish plant expansion, further, falls on the producer, who is compelled to write off its cost, and not on the consumer; the latter, in fact, reaps the temporary benefit of the price-cutting which excessive competition brings. I am not trying to show that plant expansion that is really foolish confers an actual social benefit, but merely that it is certainly not "the most immediately critical factor" in the present situation.

Perhaps we can recognize both the strengths and weaknesses of Mr. Chase's economics more fully if we consider, say, the seven brief recommendations in his chapter on the End of an Epoch. We may list and comment upon them:

First Remedy: Call "an immediate international conference on *economic* disarmament." Comment: The chief party to such a conference would be the United States. The chief things it could do would be to reduce the tariff and readjust war debts. If the will to do this existed in Mr. Hoover or in Congress it could be done without a conference.

Second Remedy: Get Congress to enact laws revising the credit structure. "The physical structure was never more sound. The basic difficulty seems to be a paper one—greenbacks, stock certificates, notes, foreign drafts, ledger folios. The engineer is a century ahead of the banker." Comment: Currency and credit do not seem to be Mr. Chase's forte; he has apparently taken too seriously the garbled nonsense of such writers as the Messrs. Foster and Catchings. His own doctrines of excess capacity, technological unemployment, and technological tenuousness (if I may use an *ad hominem* argument) mean that the physical structure is *not* sound; they mean that the engineer is one of the chief culprits responsible for our present predicament. Waiving this, however, it seems to me that our credit and currency structure is on the whole remarkably sound and smooth-working. As a cure for maldistribution of income or of "purchasing power," any tinkering with the currency would be largely irrelevant; the remedies here lie much deeper, involving such questions as minimum-wage and child-labor laws, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, inheritance and income taxation, birth control, decent childhood nourishment, technical training. There is much to be said, of course, for revision of the *banking* laws (principally those

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of the States), chiefly in the direction of insuring the solvency of individual banks; but recent experience emphasizes the fact that such legislation by itself is futile unless our bankers are in the main careful and honest, and our State and federal supervisors incorruptible and alert.

Third Remedy: Set up a National Planning Board to prepare a Ten-Year Plan for "coordinated economic development." Comment: The program of such a board could probably not be carried through without a complete dictatorship, supported by force. When attempted on a limited scale, most recent governmental "planning" and "stabilizing" schemes have ended disastrously—e.g., the Stevenson rubber-restriction plan, Brazil's coffee valorization, Australia's wool scheme, Egypt's effort to bolster cotton, and the activities of our own Farm Board.

Fourth Remedy: "Amend the Sherman anti-trust law, and permit the regularization of production and the allocation of markets, but only when consistent with a proper regard for the conservation of natural resources, and with due protection, through public regulation, for the consumer against monopoly prices." Comment: An excellent statement of the problem; but the real difficulties lie in its detailed application.

Fifth Remedy: A vast slum-razing and home-building program. Comment: Admirable. But here again it is the details that raise the really difficult problems. To what extent can the cities go farther into debt? Are the cities to be permanent landlords and house sellers? If houses cannot be rented or sold at cost, shall they be rented or sold below cost? How much below? Who is to decide which particular persons are to benefit as tenants and buyers? Incidentally, there would be rich opportunities here for graft and corruption, as the post-war reconstruction in France showed; and the history of our cities does not indicate that such opportunities would be missed.

Sixth Remedy: "Abolish stock-exchange gambling." Comment: Organized speculation, in commodities as well as stocks, performs an economic function of immense importance, even though it is subjected to many abuses. No legal formula has yet been found that would separate reckless and ignorant gambling from intelligent and informed speculation, or even investment. Nearly all radical legislative interference with organized speculation—e.g., that in gold during the Civil War—has ended calamitously.

Seventh Remedy: "A determined resistance by all and sundry against wage reductions." Comment: This is a complicated question, not to be solved by any general slogan. There is no general "wage level"; that is merely a mathematical average, a fiction; each industry presents its own problems. Thus *if* we assume that a fair wage was being paid before the price collapse, and *if* there is little possibility of increasing in the near future the individual worker's productivity in a given industry, then intransigent resistance to any wage reduction in that industry may simply delay a necessary readjustment, and keep men out of work who could be otherwise employed. Further, to the extent that there is an actual fall in living costs through lower prices, a corresponding cut in money wages would not be a cut in real wages. So many employers, however, are eager to seize upon any excuse for cutting wages that no union ought to accept a reduction without a most careful scrutiny of all the relevant facts.

In sum, Mr. Chase has a tendency to gloss over the concrete difficulties, to offer all-embracing solutions which have not been thought through; he puts too much faith in magic words like "planning." But I should be leaving a very false impression if I failed to add that his profound awareness of the evils which the routineers accept with complacent blindness, his earnest and persistent reforming spirit, his remarkably fresh and realistic insight into what is actually going on, make him one of the healthiest seminal forces in American economic thought today.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Bathos of Mr. Walpole

Above the Dark Tumult. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

TO notice properly Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest novel of Piccadilly blackmail on one winter night, one should really quote verbatim the whole first chapter of Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," a method of reviewing which would hardly be fair to the readers of this paper, or to the reviewer. Unquestionably Mr. Maugham has done the job for all time, and any mere reviewer who finds himself prodigiously bored by any Walpollyanna (he has already written thirty-one books, and is still a fine, upstanding young man, six feet in his socks) has only to underwrite: "Hugh Walpole's latest masterpiece! *Vide* Maugham: Vol. I, chap. i!" Somewhere in that fine, understanding, infinitely malicious performance there is mention of the celebrated tripe about genius being only the art of taking infinite pains. Mr. Walpole has swallowed this saying hook and line, and produced, as we see, thirty-one volumes.

My first introduction to the works of Mr. Hugh Walpole came by way of a nice little thing entitled "Prelude to Adventure," which might never have seen daylight had not Dickens once written his greatest book entitled "Little Dorrit." Having discovered his formula, the cool appropriation of another man's atmosphere, Hugh went virilely on to pastures new. He even went to Russia, and discovered the Russian novel; hence "The Dark Forest," "The Secret City," and what not. He found out that there was an Englishman named Trollope, much admired in the best circles, hence "The Cathedral," and a couple of others like it. In course of time the whimsical romance of childhood and school days had its innings, and Hugh shot out the Jeremy series, including a thing called "Jeremy at Crale," which is, without exception, the most odious example of sham-manly, bogus-virile adult infantilism I have ever read.

This is all very well, and there is no law against writing thirty-one books were it not that Mr. Walpole is acclaimed far and wide as one of the heads of his profession and masters of the English novel. He is a man without enemies, so we are told, and is cordially loved by everyone, especially his publisher. He is so manly, so ingenuous, so horribly wholesome. Every time that a new masterpiece crosses the Atlantic, in which the genius of Dickens, Dostoevski, Trollope, or Tom Hughes is wedded to the art of taking infinite pains, with a strong dash of cheap and spurious and watery mysticism, all Mr. Walpole's own, thrown in, the American undergraduate stirs on his pennants, and the American club lady goes off into the ecstasies peculiar to her.

I suppose the Piccadilly novel will be no exception to the rule, but I see that I have left very little space to deal with it. It seems to be an attempt to do for post-war London what Shorthouse did so consummately for post-Renaissance Italy; to establish some eerie plane between fact and fantasy, cruel realism and genial madness, with a rather nasty little plot of blackmail and murder as undercurrent and the dark turmoil of Piccadilly Circus playing ground-bass. Having got his idea, as usual, from somebody else, Mr. Walpole does his best with it, with the result that it is thick with his peculiar "atmosphere," and there are one or two very neat treatments of the Circus with its electric fires and falling snow done by a practiced hand, as what hand would not be after turning out thirty-one books? When the author, however, mounts his high romantic horse, and the mock-heroic, grand moral complications begin, we refuse to go farther with him. His Pengellys who make a religion of blackmail and dote upon their victims, his Helens

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more flatly unreal than any ringleted heroine out of Dickens, his blonde Elizabethan giants like Osmund, screaming shrill platitudes, make us, depending on our mood, either snicker with unintended mirth or, to use Miss Rebecca West's accurate phrase, "whimper with boredom." The great trouble with Mr. Walpole is that, like many Englishmen with a sound classical education, he has been blessed or cursed with an enormous verbal fluency, without anything to say. Bless his heart, he wants so to express himself in print, and, heaven knows; in this case, he does. He has all the literary temperament in the world, and absolutely no talent. It is the old story of the frog who thought greatness depended on auto-inflation. So—to adopt for a moment the style of Mr. A. A. Milne—the nice creature swelled and swelled, and . . . we all know what happened. Only it doesn't seem to be happening to Mr. Walpole. On the contrary, he announces that the second volume of the "Herries series" will appear in the autumn, and no one of his admirers appears to find anything indecent in the announcement.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

From Atoms to Galaxies

The Stars in Their Courses. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Flights from Chaos: A Survey of Material Systems from Atoms to Galaxies. By Harlow Shapley. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

SIR JAMES JEANS, who has led us of late "into the deep waters" of abstract physics and metaphysics, cannot be said in his latest book to return to earth, for he deals with the vault of heaven, the planetary system, the stars, and the nebulae; but certainly in these enlarged and amplified radio talks he is speaking once more a tongue that any intelligent and interested reader can understand. Entirely up to date, clear, simple, and copiously illustrated, there could be no better volume to put into the hands of an inquirer, young or old, who has hitherto known nothing of astronomy but wishes to gain an aeroplane's-eye view of the sky and "that which in it is."

From this compact but compendious book the reader may be graduated to Dr. Shapley's survey of material systems, which leads him from light quanta, electrons, and protons to planets, stars, galactic and globular clusters, gaseous and meteoric nebulae, internal and external galaxies, multiple galaxies, and supergalaxies (forming together a vast Metagalaxy); finally—by including interstellar particles and radiation and terrestrial organisms—to an, at present, immeasurable Cosmoplasm. And the length of these words need discourage no lay reader: there is nothing in the book he cannot readily understand.

Perhaps the most astonishing facts set forth in this highly important volume are those tending to prove that our Milky Way is really a galaxy of galaxies, many of its contained star clouds being isolated universes or stellar systems. As Dr. Shapley says: "If we treat some of the Milky Way clouds as comparable to the Magellanic clouds, and therefore, effectively, as galaxies, should we not also consider as a galaxy the system of stars that closely surrounds the sun?"

Our sun is near the center of a "local" star system, or galaxy, and quite remote from the real galactic center. Our local system is inclined some twenty degrees to the plane of the Milky Way, and is displaced about 50,000 or 60,000 light-years (equivalent to 5,900,000,000,000 miles each) from the center of the supersystem outlined by globular clusters. Our local system has a diameter of the order of 6,000 or 7,000 light-years, although its dimensions may be considerably larger. Our local system may be "like a typical spiral or spheroidal galaxy, or irregular and broken like a Magellanic cloud." It appears that our local system is speeding northward toward Cygnus at a rate of about 250 miles a second.

As the title of the book indicates, these are flights from chaos, but no flight into an obvious plan and purpose. Dr. Shapley describes the twelve great ordinal systems, with their subsystems, as he finds them, effecting a fairly satisfactory progressive classification, but talks of neither evolution nor devolution, in a genetic sense. He may be thought of by the future historian (at least as far as this book is concerned) rather as a Linnaeus of astronomy—the first successful taxonomist of inanimate systems—than as a Darwin of cosmology. His classification, he explains, "represents progress toward order but not a complete escape from chaos." In any sample region of the universe we find evidences of apparent, if not actual, confusion. The layman has so long been regaled with pious references to the "perfect order" of the universe of stars, clearly pointing to a finished plan and an omniscient Designer, that he can but agree with Professor Shapley that it is "a relief to find that we need not assume our galactic system to be an organization of unique type and of abnormal consequence."

In place of the astronomical photographs which illustrate "The Stars in Their Courses," "Flights from Chaos" has illustrations both charming and unusual; Miss Muriel Mussells, the artist, is to be congratulated on her original drawings.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Three Poetesses

The Matchless Orinda. By Philip Webster Souers. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

The Singing Swan. An Account of Anna Seward. By Margaret Ashmun. With a Preface by Frederick A. Pottle. Yale University Press. $3.50.

Christina Rossetti. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. English Men of Letters. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

BY a curious coincidence these three volumes deal with three women each one of whom was the most conspicuous poetess in England while she lived, and each one of whom flourished at a different century's end from the others. Katherine Philips, "The Matchless Orinda," was born in 1631; Anna Seward, "The Swan of Lichfield," was born in 1742; Christina Rossetti, nickname her what you will, was born in 1830. Coming thus at regular intervals, they nicely represent the minor poetry of their respective times; and their stories, in so far as they are more than personal, have something to say, I suppose, about the growing status of women in this greatest of English arts.

Yet it would be difficult to prove that Mrs. Philips, for instance, found the world any less disposed to accept her than Christina Rossetti found it. The Matchless Orinda was incredibly well known during at least a quarter-century after the Restoration; and Professor Pottle, speaking of Miss Seward's circle, says "it is hard for us to realize how famous these people once were." No, the poetess in England during any portion of these last two hundred and fifty years has inhabited a friendly world. If there is any moral to be drawn from the three books, it is that the friendliness has been excessive and undiscriminating. Had Mrs. Philips been a man and written the same poetry I think we should never have heard of her; the same goes for Miss Seward; and Christina Rossetti escapes by a bare half-dozen lyrics—enough, to be sure.

This is not to say that the three narratives were not worth writing. Mrs. Philips's mild Platonism, applied as it was to the business of friendship, makes her correspondence, and some-

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times her poetry, quite worth talking about; she is symptomatic of much that is interesting in the intellectual life of her century. Mr. Souers has studied the documents in her case with excellent care, and has achieved, in addition to a definitive biography of his subject, a just understanding of the importance which her friendships had in her career. Miss Ashmun's subject has the least to recommend her of the three—unless the reader is so smitten with the desire to step into Dr. Johnson's circle that he is willing to enter it hand in hand with one whom the Doctor despised. For Miss Seward's chief claim to fame is that both Johnson and Boswell disliked her. They may very well have been wrong, as they so often were, and as Miss Ashmun in her graceful essay probably proves; but I cannot see that it matters in view of the poetry Anna Seward wrote. Miss Stuart, working with a much more picturesque and significant case, has made the most of it on the biographical side, where the relations of Christina Rossetti, first with her famous family and then with the two men whom she loved yet renounced for religious reasons, offer an almost sensational opportunity. Critically Miss Stuart is weak, as are so many of the biographers whom J. C. Squire has chosen to carry on the English Men of Letters series; weak, lenient, and perfunctory. Christina Rossetti can properly be praised only for her early lyrics—the ones everybody knows. Miss Stuart praises too much else; nor does she point to certain very definite flaws even in the gems; nor, as she might have done, does she go for perspective to the one really distinguished poetess in the modern world, Emily Dickinson of Amherst, who also was born in 1830.

MARK VAN DOREN

Notes on Fiction

Plagued by the Nightingale. By Kay Boyle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

It is not unlikely that this novel was written before some, if not all, of the stories contained in Miss Boyle's recent "Wedding Day and Other Stories." In that case it would be beside the point to compare it to her previously published work. We had better judge it simply as her first novel. The story is that of a summer spent by a young American woman with the family of her French husband. The husband is slowly being crippled by a hereditary disease and bitterly refuses to have children. His family, however, wants them. There is also a young doctor, regarded as a suitor by the three daughters of the family, who falls in love, however, with the young American wife. The reader who has followed Miss Boyle's work is pleased by the first part of this novel. Her dainty eye and her dainty sentences are once more in evidence. Quite effectively she employs the device of reticence, and it gives to her slowly unfolding story, as the summer days pass one by one, a Turgenev-like peace—and the illusion of a Turgenev-like mastery (in other words, nothing new, but the signs of an intelligent apprenticeship). As the end approaches, however, when death and disaster appear, the reader is appalled by the unreality of what he reads, which becomes the more striking as Miss Boyle's pretty sentences go on and on and her supposed "mastery" continues to the end. Looking back, one discovers a shocking inadequacy, a fundamental lightness of mind and feeling, which makes the greater portion of the book, even the beginning, appear to have been inspired by the most artificial of motives. Characters whom one had accepted at first are seen now to be supported by the flimsiest of tricks. Page after page appears to have been the expression of mere cuteness. The reviewer hopes that this first novel was written long ago, and that the next work of Miss Boyle's will proceed from where the best of her short stories left off.

That Royal Lover. By Konrad Bercovici. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

"That Royal Lover" is an exposé of the Rumanian royal family and its musical-comedy activities which have undermined the economic strength of a nation. Mr. Bercovici, himself a Rumanian, is honest in his presentation of gossip as gossip and fact as fact; he thereby succeeds in convincing us that his amazing picture of royalty is true. Since this is the day for debunking rulers in general, the book should have a large popular appeal. The story of the amazing Marie and her tremendous ambitions, her many love affairs, her violent sentimentalities is a dramatic story. And this, following upon her visit to the United States, the purpose of which Mr. Bercovici discusses in detail, her constant public appearances, her photographs taken here, there, and everywhere, will prove illuminating. Mr. Bercovici has a more earnest purpose than this outline of his narrative would suggest—the purpose of discussing the sad position of the Rumanian people who suffer from misgovernment, and whose poverty is due in great part to the machinations of their rulers for power.

Tales Grotesque and Curious. By Akutagawa Ryunosuke. Translated from the Japanese by Glenn W. Shaw. Tokio: The Hokuseido Press. $2.

Akutagawa was only thirty-five years old when in 1927 he drank poison and ended a career of the greatest promise for Japanese literature. He was a stylist, precious in his tastes and with a strong tendency toward the macabre. His tales show a strong, frequently forbidding imagination. Mr. Shaw has chosen his best-regarded volume for translation, and though the graces of the author's style have probably escaped, he has preserved the curiously deforming vigor and the somewhat unpleasant humor of the original. So few works of contemporary Japanese literature find their way here that we must add to our thanks to Mr. Shaw for this interesting volume a plea that he give us more.

Music

Concerning the Chorus

THE Dessoff Choirs, which make a distinctive and valuable contribution to New York's music, are ill advised to include in their publicity material a critical comment to the effect that here, for once, is choral music without any "if's" and "but's." They are ill advised because choral performance depends on many "if's" and can rarely be praised without several "but's." Musicianship and taste, for one thing, are notoriously less wide and less thorough among singers than among instrumentalists. And, unfortunately, choruses made up of trained singers tend to be inferior to those whose members bring more enthusiasm than knowledge to their singing, for the former are rarely able to blend their individual vocal timbres in a common choral tone. The differences between ensemble and solo performance are much greater and more fundamental in vocal than in instrumental music. The chorister, unlike the orchestral musician, needs comparatively little preparatory technical training; his best training is singing in the chorus. This makes the conductor a much more important figure in the chorus than in the orchestra. Conductorless orchestras have serious obstacles to overcome, but a conductorless chorus of any size is hardly to be thought of.

Despite the all-importance of the choral conductor, he has, fortunately, largely escaped the attention of audience and critics, so that he is still concerned more with the music performed

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than with the eloquence of his own reading of it. If few choral conductors rise to the heights attained by the greatest orchestra conductors, they are not tempted, on the other hand, to the exaggerations and distortions in which their idolized colleagues indulge. Mr. Bodanzky's climaxes may be, as one of his critics recently said, more dynamic than spiritual, but he gives, at any rate, as good a performance as he knows how—competent, musicianly, alive, and free from affectation. Given as good a chance as this, the "Saint John Passion" and the "German Requiem" do not lack spiritual force, even though Mr. Bodanzky may not give them all the blinding splendor they might have.

If the first "if" concerns the conductor, the second concerns the repertory. For different styles of choral music demand radically different treatment, and since voices are less neutral and stylistically less flexible than instruments, concentration on one style may unfit a chorus, to some extent, for another. The Harvard Glee Club, for example, is often adversely criticized for stressing refinement instead of lustiness, and it does, of course, at times lack volume and power. But Dr. Davison has chosen to concentrate the Glee Club's attention on the unaccompanied music of the sixteenth century, undoubtedly the greatest period in the history of choral music, and that music demands great purity of style, sensitiveness in phrasing, and precision in diction, with especial attention to the rhythmic and emotional importance of consonants. In all these respects the Glee Club seems to be much the best chorus New York hears, and it is futile to complain that it makes less noise than other groups.

Similarly, the Friends of Music devote themselves chiefly to the greatest large works with orchestral accompaniment, and they are perhaps wise to leave the *a cappella* style to those choruses—at the moment a rapidly increasing number—which can give it the time and study it needs. For performances of more unusual works we need not look to them either, as the Schola Cantorum, with very creditable performances of the stirring "Stabat Mater" by Szymanowski, the lively "Rio Grande" of Constant Lambert, and many other interesting works, contributes generously in that field. For our familiarity with the latest developments in this as in most other fields, we must thank the League of Composers, who opened their season with a program containing some excellent choral music of Petyrek, Hindemith, Saminsky, and others. The league, too, has just sponsored the performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," with Mr. Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Harvard Glee Club, while the Schola recently joined forces with the Boston Orchestra for Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes" and with the Philharmonic for the "Te Deum" of Verdi.

The summary of the Friends' achievements during the ten years of Mr. Bodanzky's conductorship reminds one of so many deeply moving experiences afforded by them that one hesitates to complain of the few omissions. I know of no other chorus that gives so much great music so well every year as the Friends. They sing almost nothing but masterpieces, and if, in order to do the greatest works, it is really necessary to exclude many of the slightly less great, I think they are entirely justified in doing so. One wonders, though, whether the preponderance of German works need be quite so great as it is. The statistics issued on behalf of the Friends were said to prove that there was no such preponderance. But closer examination revealed that many of the German works had been repeated many times—which is as it should be—and that the non-German works performed were almost all orchestral and not choral—which is as it shouldn't. Certain omissions remain difficult to explain: the choral works of Elgar, for which he is especially eminent, and of which we know practically nothing; those of Holst, Vaughan Williams, and Delius, leaders in the recent brilliant revival of choral music in England; the third of the Debussy Nocturnes, "Sirènes," almost entirely unknown in New York, in great contrast to its companion pieces, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," and the other choral works of Debussy—"L'Enfant Prodigue" and "La Demoiselle Elue"; the Requiem and other choral works of Berlioz; the Requiem of Fauré and his "La Naissance de Vénus." With some such works as these the Friends' list could profitably be expanded.

The performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," referred to above, was an excellent one in most respects—much better than the première in Paris four years ago; but the work seems to me as empty now as it did then—an ineffective hodge-podge of unpleasant memories of a dozen composers, with occasional spots of interest, like the last part of Jocasta's aria. Nor did the very decorative puppets of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, with their slow-motion gestures, make things any clearer, as far as I could see. If one did not know that the works that have come from Stravinsky since "Oedipus" are made of different stuff, it would be distressing to think of "Oedipus" as having been written fifteen years after the "Sacre," of which Prokofieff's "Pas d'Acier" was a pleasant echo. Mr. Lee Simonson's lively scenario was excellently adapted to Prokofieff's work and helped to make the second half of the evening diverting and at times exciting.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Art

A Defense of Sensibility

THOMAS CRAVEN'S measurement of the greatness of the heroes of Western painting* will agreeably surprise both those who remember his former art criticism and those who tend to associate the imprint of Simon and Schuster with ideas that are merely golden. Something of the old dryness and press-agency so apparent in Mr. Craven's former classical arguments persists in this new volume: the concluding section, relative to America, introduces appreciations of such artists as Yarrow, Burchfield, and Sloan, deplorably out of focus with the rest of the book and touching the field of politics. The work remains a popular mixture of historic, aesthetic, and psychological criticism, none of it actually profound or original. Yet the liveliness flowing from a genuine interest in a glorious subject plays over its solid pages.

Mr. Craven shows a refreshingly real feeling for the great originals, the individuals who have modified the form and language of Western painting. He has felt their largeness of nature, their courage, devotion, relish for life, and deep emotional and imaginative susceptibility; and brought us into touch with their health again. He does not derive art from environment and climate. He knows an individual will, an individual energy, a genius, in these men; and his work is a measurement of this root-feeling and of its realization in the material of art. He knows a sensibility toward life; and his book is its glorification and defense.

Thus, it is an attack on academism and all efforts to make art by recapitulating "the inspiration of men who are dead and gone"; all efforts to withdraw from direct contact with things and substitute for feeling the process of "sifting, measuring, and reassembling forms evolved by other artists through direct communication with the world." It is an attack not only on painting, but on poetry and music, made from "knowledge." The issue is clearly stated in the pages on that greatest of all French academicians, Nicolas Poussin.

* "Men of Art." By Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $3.

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> He confused knowledge in the abstract with knowledge that is living and useful. For knowledge . . . is both static and dynamic . . . the accumulation of facts, and the *knowing* of things. The first, without the leaven of direct experience and under no necessity of putting its store of facts to *new* uses, settles into molds, deifies precedent, and distorts a realistic view of life. It . . . declaims against and finds unsatisfactory all conditions of life which do not square with traditional observances. . . . The other form of knowledge [sees in facts] not an accumulation of fossils picked up on a dead seashore, but a procession of living things intrinsically related, living because directly experienced; related not through any conformity to precedent but because of their bearing upon one another, a unity determined solely by the creative insight of the artist. Here precedent may be useful if it facilitates technical procedure. . . . The cardinal weakness of the academic mind is the inability to separate the technique of procedure from the things affected by procedure. While scholarship of this sort may be defensible in certain fields . . . it has no place in creative art, which, whatever its subject, is occupied wholly with the organization of experienced things. When knowledge is divorced from current activities, from new needs and new experiences, it becomes the tool of the historian and the archaeologist.

How much our time stands in need of this defense of sensibility toward life must be known to many persons concerned for other things than art, and to all concerned with it. In the neo-classicism dominant in aesthetics today, at least in such champions as Eliot, Picasso, and Stravinsky, we have a school attempting to make poetry, painting, and music out of "knowledge." A dusty academism is concealed in the absurd humanistic Horse of Troy. American art houses a dozen little academies founded on Cézanne and Picasso; some of Mr. Craven's proteges are to be found not far from their doors. Consequently, it is not only Raphael and Poussin, Ingres, Picasso, and the better part of Parisian art Mr. Craven is attacking. It is the spirit of a time dominated by a victorious official France; for which reason one regrets that Mr. Craven's understanding is not always equal to his spirit; and that his vision is so literal. Less narrowly, more largely, finely equipped, he could not but have struck a better, more enduring blow. His point of view is sympathetic, attentive to general human experience and its expression. Art for him is a heroic affirmation and embrace of the world; and while occasionally coarse, his individual judgments remain consistent with his robust premises. His definitions of ideas and artistic problems are succinct. His narrative is fluent and forceful; his reference ample and literary.

Unfortunately, his interest is circumscribed. It is doubtful whether Mr. Craven ever sees a picture as an entity. At least he never sets us before one as before a physical reality, so that we experience the imponderables expressed by the abstract components of art— shape, color, and line. He does not seem to recognize the symbolic function of art, its apprehension of the unknown, the unseen, the impalpable by means of the known, the visible, the substantial. This is immensely apparent in the page devoted by him to the Cena of Leonardo: in attempting to interpret the picture, Mr. Craven arrives at nothing more significant than "the appalling effect on men of ordinary clay of the presence of supreme intelligence." Indeed, it is to be suspected that what Mr. Craven chiefly sees is subject matter, the literary element of painting; exaggerating its importance for that reason. Apparently under the impression that the subject is the creator, that the greatness of a painting is proportionate to the universality and heroism of the point of reference, the illustration, he is easily misled by depiction of heroic matter. He finds an expression of great sensibility in the anatomical nudes of Signorelli; attributes spiritual vigor to Goya; and utters a panegyric on the evasive Rembrandt almost

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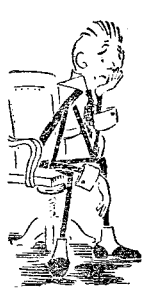

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incomprehensible to anyone with an eye for the completeness of the canvas and the tension of forms. Indeed, one suspects that were Mr. Craven directed toward literary criticism, he would be found placing "Paradise Lost" above the "Iliad" for the reason that heaven, hell, and the human soul are "greater" subjects than the wrath of a Greek chieftain during the siege of an obscure Asiatic city; and Josh Barlow's "Columbiad" above the epic of the wanderings of the petty prince of Ithaca. To such absurdities are we led whenever we take our eyes away from the artist's grasp of his subject and the intensity of his imaginative and plastic processes; or whenever we allow ourselves to be persuaded that powerful stimulation at the hands of life invariably releases itself through a naturalistic representation of the object through which stimulation appears to come.

It is also a pity that Mr. Craven's enthusiasm for murals, his theory that they constitute the supreme form of painting, and his desire for a reunion of art and architecture should prejudice him in favor of much that is merely large, herculean, grandiose. No doubt the glowing contents of the Salle Rubens in the Louvre are magnificent. And still, it can serve no worthy interest to disregard the fact that in all their pompous acreage there is to be found no expression comparable for depth and comprehensiveness to that which swells from Rubens's nude portrait of Hélène Fourment in Vienna, or from the little picture of her in a feathered cap in the Old Pinakothek. Or that anything but wilfulness can permit one to see weight and power on the wall spaces of the New School for Social Research decorated by Benton, and thinness in the small landscapes and still-lives of Georgia O'Keeffe.

Again, it is irritating that Mr. Craven should have weakened his effect by excluding the painters of the Upper Rhenish school, particularly Grünewald and Baldung Grün, and Cranach and Dürer, from an argument which admitted Hogarth and Ryder. And almost compromised it by an attitude toward modernism and photography savoring as much of quaintness as of sheer imbecility. But it is proof of "Men of Art" that for all its partiality the volume should remain so rewarding. Mr. Craven's deflation of French art, his description of the nefarious role of the dealer in the realm of painting are timely deeds. His attack, we repeat, is healthy. And while the chief effect of his book may be the introduction of many persons hitherto ignorant of the meaning of art into a great field of reality, it will not fail of entertaining many others able to appreciate its many excellent points and performances.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

The Child Husband

TO say that Henri Bernstein's "Melo," adapted from the French by Arthur Pollock (Ethel Barrymore Theater), treats what is called the eternal triangle is not to say that it is stale or trivial. If the triangle is eternal it cannot be unimportant; neither can it grow stale, since by definition it has as much future as it has past. Certainly it has an infinite variety, for I can imagine no mathematician who could establish the limit of its possibilities. We not only have three persons at the three extremities; we have two sexes to distribute among them; we have a choice of love or marriage, not to speak of friendship and ambition, as the thing that two of them are to be rivals for; we have perhaps a hundred social relationships in which the principals can stand—father and son, brother and brother, friend and friend, stranger and stranger, husband and

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wife, employer and employed, and so on to the bottom of this page; then on top of all that we have the innumerable accidents of personality. No matter how many triangles have been constructed for the stage, we can be sure that as many more are waiting to be constructed.

M. Bernstein's triangle is a new one not in the sense that it is unique but in the sense that it belongs to a new class. Its distinguishing feature is already familiar, but so far as I know it has not been familiar very long, and I suspect that it has a special significance for today. This feature is the child husband, who, now that all of our literature demonstrates the superiority of woman over man, takes the place of the child wife. He is virtuous and simple-minded; he prattles and plays charming little games; sensitive as a seven-year-old, he just must *not* be hurt; he needs protection, and gets it in the form of a compassionate deception; he almost never knows, even as the play ends, that his wife has been completely transformed by her love for some nice man who perchance is his oldest friend. There is a husband like this in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"; he emerges in a kind of foolish and incredible triumph from "As Husbands Go"; he was in "Strange Interlude"; and with a struggle he can be recognized in "Candida." M. Bernstein, who calls him Pierre Belcroix, makes him almost intolerably pathetic. I wonder if women from their high eminence weep to see him lose the love of his little wife Romaine, who as the play opens is herself a child, but who within fifteen minutes has left her playmate centuries behind in the company of sad, mature Marcel. Not, of course, that Romaine ever lets Pierre know she has deceived him. No, she will commit suicide first, and does; the child husband must not be hurt. Compassionate deception, it would appear, could go no farther; yet it is carried by M. Bernstein to an end beyond this end, for the last scene, a long and very good one, shows Marcel, still sad and mature, shielding Pierre from the truth with an elaborately acted lie. The child husband may be broken and in a sense abolished, but he never must be hurt.

Possibly this sort of situation is more interesting just now than it ever will be again. Possibly, on the other hand, it is the situation of the future, with the result that we shall never return to the husband who raged around and committed murder, or to the fumbling old fellow of seventeenth-century comedy whose jealousy, which nobody kept him from feeling, made him undeniably ridiculous. At any rate M. Bernstein has been interesting. There are touches of bathos in his text, and certain moments of the performance the other night were less convincing than they could have been. But Edna Best as the wife, Earle Larimore as the husband, and Basil Rathbone as the lover played their parts as if they understood them, and "Melo" altogether came off more than average well.

The revival of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" at the Bijou Theater, though it brings to Broadway a better play than "As You Desire Me," brings also to mind the central weakness of this dramatist, which is that he is not dramatic. At the same time that he announces an excellent, even a thrilling theme, he announces an idea which he has about it; and all that happens thereafter is that one or two characters insist with an awful patience upon the importance of this idea. Since we get the point at the beginning—or should, Pirandello being so very explicit—there surely is no need of our having to hear it labored for two hours with a positively insect shrillness. Which is not to say that "Six Characters" lacks its interesting moments, or that in the present performance Eugene Powers as the father lacks the intelligence and the power to convey them.

"Company's Coming," a farce already closed, made all that could be made, which apparently was not much, out of the pawning of a tennis cup by a champion who had not yet earned it.

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Opium—China's Ancient Enemy

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

CHINA, for a century and a half, has made a gallant fight against opium. She fought two wars to keep out opium from British India. She lost both times, and paid high penalties for her protests. She had to pay indemnities. What was worse, she was forced to open treaty ports which later became the foreign concessions. Into these treaty ports Indian opium flowed by the ton, and the Chinese, bound by the treaties of two unsuccessful wars, could only stand by helpless.

Next, China, determined that all her money should not be drained away in the purchase of foreign opium, began poppy cultivation herself on a gigantic scale. This meant a double quantity—an immense supply. Things went from bad to worse—China became a nation of addicts, with the consequent poverty and demoralization. Finally, in 1907, the United States took a hand. President Roosevelt called a conference in Shanghai to see what could be done.

The upshot of these Shanghai gatherings was an agreement between Great Britain and China by which the imports of British opium (from India) were to be decreased at the rate of 10 per cent annually, at the same time that China agreed to reduce her opium cultivation by the same amount—10 per cent a year. Both sides kept the bargain, and by 1917 the incredible had happened—China had ended her cultivation of opium.

This extraordinary achievement took place under the old monarchy. Meanwhile, the European Powers, safe in their concessions, did nothing to aid China during this ten-year struggle. At any time a Chinese could step across from China, where opium was forbidden, to European soil, the concessions, and get all he wanted. In spite of this, however, by April 1, 1917, the long struggle was over, with China the winner against an age-old vice.

There are no statistics as to the extent of opium addiction during the heyday of the traffic. Some say that certain provinces counted as addicts from 50 to 70 per cent of the population. Certain it is that if no steps had been taken to rid China of opium in 1907, the whole country might have succumbed. But the fighting spirit, the determination of the people themselves to end this habit, won for them a victory the like of which has never been known.

Then what happened in 1917? Civil war, and a gradual return to the cultivation of the poppy. It was a contraband crop, but so disturbed were the conditions that no suppression was possible. Since then the country has been gradually slipping back into its old habits, until today opium is being produced on an immense scale with vast profit to the various rebel chiefs and others who engage in it. At the same time European drugs, such as morphine and heroin, are being smuggled into China in great quantities. The outlook is dark. China faces the double menace of being drugged from within by home-grown opium, which the present government seems powerless to combat, and drugged from without by high-powered drugs made in Europe and smuggled into China.

The Hague Opium Convention was signed in 1912 by various European Powers having colonial possessions in the Orient. Great Britain has eight such colonies—the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States, North Borneo, Brunei, and Sarawak. France has Indo-China. The Portuguese have Macao; Holland has the Dutch East Indies. In these colonies opium is sold by the government to the native peoples. The revenues from the sale and from the licensing of shops where opium may be purchased or smoked have always been large, ranging from 10 to 50 per cent of the total revenue, according to the colony. The average for the lot is 25 per cent. The revenues are so large, in fact, that the Europeans living in the colonies have always been lightly taxed.

The Hague Convention among other things provided for "the gradual and effective suppression of the use of opium for smoking" in these various foreign colonies. Nearly twenty years have passed since that agreement was signed and ratified; more than ten years have passed since the League of Nations undertook to see that the obligations of the Hague Convention were carried out. Yet nothing has happened. Opium-smoking goes on just the same—it has never been stopped—and the revenues continue to pour in, to the benefit of European administrations and European colonists. The excuse of the European Powers is that if they gave up their opium monopolies the sale of contraband opium would replace legal sale—contraband opium from China. China is always the scapegoat. And now that China is slipping back into the cultivation of opium, China becomes more than ever the scapegoat, the excuse for preserving a source of revenue and for repudiating an international contract.

And now comes the rumor that China itself is about to establish an opium monopoly. After fighting against opium for more than a century, China, if the rumor is true, is about to give up the struggle and go in for government control and sales, with revenue. It is pointed out that through monopoly China can make from fifty to one hundred million dollars a year in revenue, and that is dazzling bait. Good collateral, these opium revenues, for foreign loans!

The League of Nations recently sent a committee of inquiry to the Far East to make a report on opium-smoking in the various foreign possessions. This report runs in part as follows*:

> The expense of addiction being out of proportion to the smoker's income; insufficient funds left for the sustaining of the smoker and his family, resulting in impoverishment or impossibility of improving the standard of living; increasing dependence on the temporary stimulation of opium for ability to perform work, and, as a consequence, gradual decrease of working ability and a possible total loss of earning power. . . . Judging by the evidence, the possible reduction of the earning capacity would be, on the average, as high as 50 per cent.

* Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Control of Opium-Smoking in the Far East, Geneva, 1930, p. 27.

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In the case of wealthy people, the harmful effects of opium-smoking may not be so generally apparent, but they cannot be disregarded. The working classes and small merchants feel all the effects of addiction in a far more serious degree than the well-to-do, and contribute more to the retarding of economic and social progress. As for the opium-smoker of the coolie class, he spends on opium from 40 to 70 per cent of his daily earnings. What little is left has to provide for food, housing, and clothing of the smoker and his family.

China faces a momentous decision: Shall she establish a monopoly and gather in revenues to the tune of a hundred million dollars a year? Or shall she protect her people from a vice which cuts their earning power in half, and diverts from 40 to 70 per cent of these lowered earnings into the purchase of opium—a diversion, by the way, which falls hard upon the dealer in foodstuffs and the manufacturer of clothing, textiles, and other commodities, since millions of potential customers can afford to buy only one commodity, opium.

There are protests in the Chinese newspapers. They refuse to accept the sop thrown out—that the monopoly, if established, will be discontinued in fifteen years. The *China Weekly Review* for February 14, 1931, has the following to say:

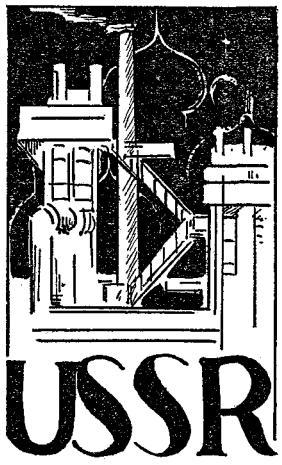
> It was alleged that the creation of a government monopoly in China would have the effect of prolonging the evil similar to what has occurred in the various European colonial administrations in the Far East. It was also alleged that certain European interests connected with the League of Nations had been responsible for suggesting the scheme to China, as a means of prolonging the opium monopolies in various colonial dependencies in the Far East.

The same paper on February 21 said:

> The scheme for the establishment of an opium monopoly in China undoubtedly would be beneficial if there could be any assurance that such a system would eliminate the evil, but the practice has been that the monopoly system does not prohibit, but on the other hand leads to perpetuation, owing to the revenues derived from the monopoly. Every colonial administration in the Far East (with the exception of the Philippines) has an opium monopoly, and while most of them were designedly for the announced purpose of curbing the use of the drug, the actual experience has been that they serve to perpetuate the system, because governments do not want to relinquish this important source of revenue. In fact, there is strong evidence that China has received her inspiration from the European colonial administrations, which desire a perpetuation of the system.

European influences have undermined China in the past. Will China let them put it over on her again? Or will she listen to Bishop Brent, one of her best friends, who during the opium conferences at Geneva in 1924 made this impassioned appeal:

> The greatest service we can render China is to induce her government to resist all temptation to establish a monopoly. It is monstrous to maintain that if we do not reap a golden harvest from the nefarious trade, somebody else will; or for a nation to think it possible to build up an honorable and righteous commonwealth with revenue gained from the exploitation of the weakness and vice of human beings.



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